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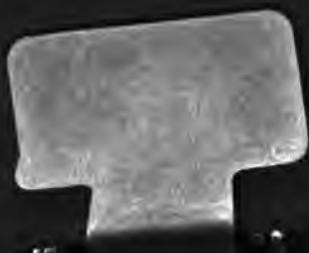
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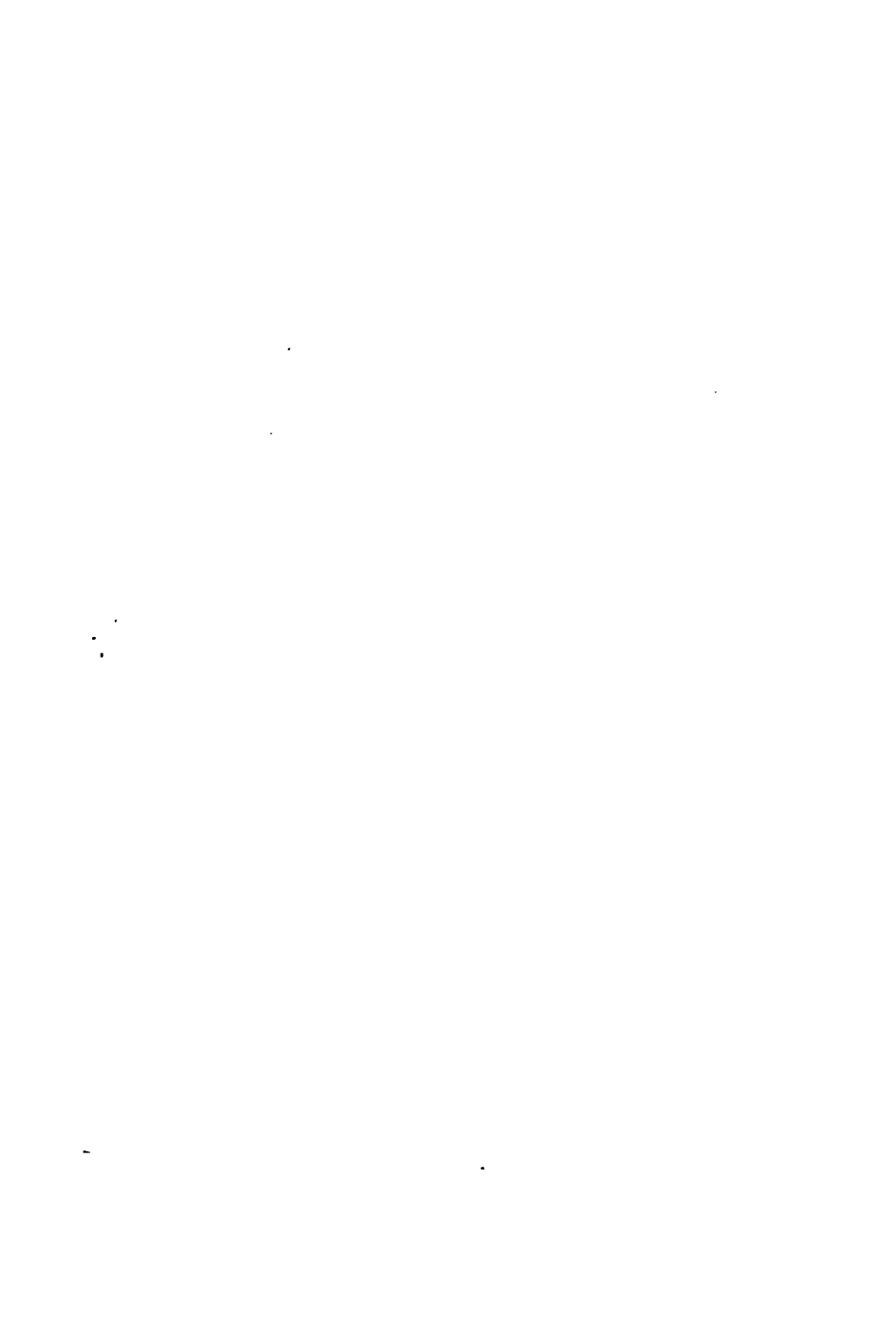


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K. Son, J. 111

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE

OF

GOD'S LOVE AND OF HIS FAITHFULNESS
TO HIS WORD.

BEING A FEW NOTES FROM MILITARY SERVICE, WITH THOUGHTS,

BY

C. H. MALAN,

ONCE A MAJOR IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

'THOU ART MY GOD, AND I WILL PRAISE THEE; THOU ART MY GOD, I WILL
EXALT THEE.'—Ps. CXVIII. 28.



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P R E F A C E.

THIS book is committed in faith and prayer to Him whom all things serve. May He use it, in His infinite power and wisdom, for the good of very many. May it be a help and comfort to my fellow-pilgrims, ever pointing them to Him who is the Light of this dark world! The object of the book being solely His glory from whom I have received so many mercies, I look to Him alone for criticism. He will review it with every work of every author of every line that was ever written. I would, however, ask the Christian reader to defer judgment until the judgment-seat of Christ our Lord.

It is my especial desire that these notes of God's dealings with me as a soldier may be useful to old soldiers, whether they served as officers or in the ranks. This was almost as much my motive in writing them, as the desire to give to my fellow-Christians some testimony of God's faithfulness to His word in my behalf. I would therefore ask Christians to lend this book to any old soldiers of their acquaintance

who might be willing to read it. It will, I hope, in not a few cases give an introduction for the best book, God's word. The reading some of these pages to any sick old soldier would cheer and interest him, and might open the way for conversation concerning Him in whom alone man can have eternal life. May God often use it to this end! May He in infinite mercy grant that this book may be to me as bread cast upon the waters, which I shall find after many days! His it is to do this thing. His is the kingdom, the power, the glory. May He abundantly reward the many friends He gave me, from whom I have received kindness during my soldiering! Thus I thank them, and praise Him.

'God is love!' All His dealings with man are in love. His mercy spares those who deny and reject Him from day to day. His love provides for their daily wants, and gives them health and strength. If He sends sickness or trial, it is in love, calling to thoughtfulness and repentance. I one day visited a dying man in the General Hospital, Montreal. As I was leaving the ward, the whole hospital was startled by terrible cries. I was told that a man had just awoke from chloroform after amputation. How could I comfort him, and relieve the patients from such disturbance? I went into the sufferer's ward; every one there seemed awestruck. What could I say? Praying for a word, I walked up to his bed,

and whispered in his ear, 'God is love.' He instantly ceased his groaning, and, looking at me, said, 'I know it, sir; but I have neglected, rejected, and denied Him; I have blasphemed His name, and forgotten Him.' —'I have no doubt you have, my friend; and so did I for many years, but "God is love."' I told him of the love which laid his sins as well as mine on Christ; of the love which suffered for them. His cries ceased. I left him in peace. There is no cure for the ills of this mortal life but the love of God. Rest in that, O reader! Rest in the full atonement made for your sins by Jesus, the Son of God. Rest in Christ the living Saviour.

C. H. MALAN.

LONDON, *December* 1873.

For His Name's sake.

WRITTEN BEFORE GOING BACK TO AFRICA.

WHAT are toil, and what are trial,
Suffering, and self-denial,
 Borne for JESUS' love ?
Present pleasure—future treasure ;
Joy and glory without measure—
 Eternal bliss above !

Fire now bringeth sweet communion,
Hardness borne cementeth union,
 With our risen King !
Thus we learn His grace sustaining,
Over all our weakness reigning,
 Learn His praise to sing.

Dark the path may seem before thee ;
Toilsome, steep thy road to glory :
 Nought shall thee distress.
Follow on where His hand leadeth,
Choose the cross His service pleadeth :
 JESUS lives to bless !

I.

A Praise Offering.

‘Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.’—Ps. L. 23.

Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God ;
Declare, oh declare ye His glories abroad ;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation :
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

CHAPTER I.

‘WHY am I writing this book?’ I ask myself. My answer comes from God’s Word: ‘Whoso offereth ME praise glorifieth ME.’ I desire to offer praise and to glorify Him. Is it not written in that portion of His Word where so many of His mercies are recorded, ‘Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men’? These, therefore, are my reasons for writing the following pages. For no other purpose than to praise God would I put pen to paper. The world is full of books, some useful, many unprofitable. I would not dare to add one to the number of books, which keep too many who can read from reading God’s Word, did I not hope that this one will lead some of my fellow-men to search that treasure of treasures. If this be so—if, by reading this, one soul is led to the same precious enjoyment of God’s Word that I have had these many years, then I shall be satisfied that I was not mistaken in believing that it was His will I should write it.

Who ought to offer praise to God if one such as I am should not? Preserved through unnumbered perils, and led as a soldier to the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins and of eternal life, have I not reason to praise God? It was much upon my mind when I left the army to write a book about the *British soldier*. I had given many years to seeking the welfare of those with whom it was my lot to serve in the ranks of the army. In this very happy intercourse I had gained much knowledge of our soldiers; and I believe that no book has ever been written by an officer setting forth the character of the British soldier, and the sympathy and interest which have bound our officers and soldiers together in the discharge of their duty to the country. This sympathy has been the power of the discipline of the British army, and its secret strength, under God, against the heavy odds it has always encountered. In no army has such friendship existed between officer and soldier as in our own. Such a book would be a national record of no little value and interest. But I could not have written it without referring to myself continually as the principal agent; and the dread that I should in any way bring to man that praise which is only due to God made me abandon the purpose.

This book has, however, a very different aim. Its sole aim is *the glory of God*. It will contain many

traits of the British soldier, for it is the record of God's faithfulness to a soldier; but it designs to make God the agent throughout. Its object is to cheer and encourage Christians in their walk of faith. The writer doubts not but that many of his brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ are striving to serve Him under much difficulty and opposition. If the reading of this book helps one such,—if it gives more faith to prayer, more patience to work, and more hope in suffering for the Lord's sake,—it will have attained what is the earnest desire of him who now sits down to write it. He does not propose to give a detailed account of work, but merely a few sketches of God's dealings with him as a soldier; and he prays that these records of mercy may glorify God, and may help, strengthen, and increase the faith of any who may read them.

II.

The Tender Mercy of our God.

‘ The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering,
and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands.’

—Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7.

Soon shall the sound of war be heard no more,
Soon shall Peace shed its smile from shore to shore,
For Christ *shall reign*.
Then shall be seen what man *now* will not see,—
That God o'er all things should exalted be ;
Hallowed His Name.

CHAPTER II.

It was midnight, 17th June 1855, before Sebastopol. The regiments for the assault were paraded noiselessly in their camps. The writer marched with his to its appointed place in the trenches. The signal was given for attack, and with his regiment he advanced. There is no intention in this book needlessly to record personal adventure. When the assault was over, a boy, asleep on a camp-bed, his body pierced with five bullet-holes, and not a bone broken, spoke very plainly of God's great mercy that day to him. May He now accept this tribute of praise as some thanksgiving !

It was an awful morning ! A dreadful scene ! One over which devils must have rejoiced, while angels wept. I have often thought since, if the daring devotion and courage there and then displayed were only exerted in the service of God, what wonders we should see ! But yet it is easier to rush on to an assault, to almost certain death, than to confess Christ.

Not many weeks ago, after lunching at a railway refreshment room, I wished to give a tract to one of the waitresses, but was afraid at the time to do it. For ten minutes I hesitated. At last, just as the train came in, I went up to her and said: 'You would hardly believe that an officer who went through the assault of Sebastopol was afraid to offer you this tract. I am so ashamed of myself that I must now give it to you.' I need hardly remark that she received it, and thanked me with a smile.

God was not only merciful to me that morning, but to many hundreds more in our army. Apart from the known fact that not one shot in several hundred fired ever takes effect, the mercy which watches over every field of battle—*His* mercy—was specially shown to the British army that day. As it tends to His glory, and to the honour of a brave and good man, who did not receive from his country the credit he deserved, I take pleasure in recording the following fact.—I had regained the trenches, when I met Lord Raglan. I was leaning on the arm of a sergeant of my regiment. He noticed my wounds, spoke very kindly, and asked me how they were getting on at the front. I told him, in schoolboy language, 'Thrashed.' I did not know at the time who he was, but I was much struck by his kind face, his calm manner, and his empty sleeve. He left the trenches, stood out in the open for a

moment or two, and then spoke somewhat thus to one of his aides-de-camp: 'It's no use; no troops could live under such a fire as this. I never saw anything like it in the Peninsula.' Little did I then think that that noble disregard for his own reputation and thoughtfulness for the lives of his men, saved, under God's mercy, hundreds of our soldiers from a useless death on that morning. Now I see that this was so. The French assault had failed before ours began, for the French did not wait for the signal. Ours was made, and failed. The attack was meant to be a surprise, and this not having succeeded, further assault was at that stage of the siege useless. Nevertheless, the French general ordered a second assault, and many more hundred lives were sacrificed at the altar of vainglory. The English general, by God's mercy, would not order the assault to be repeated, and thus, as the trenches were crammed at the time with fresh troops, hundreds of the lives of our men were that day spared. I asked the sergeant who it was that spoke to me. He replied, 'Lord Raglan, sir.' I honour the memory of Lord Raglan as a good soldier, and I praise God who gave him grace that morning not to cover defeat under a heavier loss of life than was, alas! unavoidable.

To my mother's prayers I believe now that I owed my many merciful escapes that day. She

left me for the presence of God when I was three years old; but I believe that, in answer to her prayers, His love guarded me then, as it has since drawn me to Himself. 'I shall never forget your mother's prayers,' wrote an old friend to me lately, 'so humble, so spiritual, so fervent.' But I fancy I hear some unbelieving heart whisper as it reads this, 'Were there no sons for whom a believing mother's prayers were offered whose bodies were left before that Redan?' Doubtless many, my friend; but if you are such a mother, I would say, wait until we enter the glory to see whether your prayers were not answered. No one can tell what may pass between a soul and its God in the solemn moment preceding an assault. Remember it is written, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

No one can indeed tell what passes between a soul and its God in the anticipation of possible death. How earnestly I prayed that night before lying down to rest! and so did a very dear friend and brother officer, who fell afterwards at the second assault. Truly I *cried* to God, and He heard me; for He does not despise the prayer of the humblest sinner who approaches Him in the name of His Son. I asked for the preservation of my life, and for courage in battle. Wonderfully were my prayers answered. So thoroughly was I

preserved from fear, that I now remember every act in that awful tragedy as if it were yesterday. The Enemy of man has in our days, by a masterpiece of cunning, got most men to disbelieve the truths concerning him set forth in God's Word. He has, as it were, committed suicide; he has destroyed his own individuality. It is a pleasant theory, for *time*, to the careless man of the world, but it will prove to have been a terrible delusion in the fast approaching eternity. No one who has been obliged to lie down on a field of battle, and see what goes on, can doubt that there *is* a devil. Soon after I left the trenches my legs were paralysed for a few minutes by a bullet striking my right hip. As I lay on the ground I watched the scene. It was too awful to describe. Human life has sensation enough in it; there is no need of sensational novels or stories. Oh for the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn war no more!

But why was it that that assault on Sebastopol failed? Humanly speaking, it was because there were two Russian frigates burning in the harbour all night, which lighted up the whole of the ground in front of their batteries, and enabled them to see our position as clearly as if it were day. They must have seen our columns marching down at midnight to get into position for the attack, and when it was made were quite ready. And thus

the light of the Word of God reveals all Satan's plans, as clearly as I saw the outlines of the Redan and Malakoff when marching down that midnight to the trenches. Happy are they who, having learnt by God's Word that they have a deadly enemy ever ready to assault, use the light of that Word, and, being on their guard, are able, in the strength of Christ, to repulse his attacks. How awfully significant are Christ's words, 'The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly!' (John x. 10).

III.

His Loving-kindness.

‘How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God ! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.’—
PS. XXXVI. 7.

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all.
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, oh how great !

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I awoke, a kind friend was watching me; and I believe that we both meant it when we said, 'Thank God!' The good colonel of my regiment, Lacy Yea, had fallen in the assault. A better commanding officer of a regiment in the field never served England. I have often thanked God for the few days I had of his example as a soldier. He was rough in manner, but kind at heart; and if latterly, as I believe, he made his Bible his constant companion, we shall, I doubt not, meet again in the glorious throng of those washed from sin and made white in the blood of the Lamb. The adjutant also fell with his chief. It was a sad morning's work.

How tenderly I was watched over and provided for! Two of my brother officers, wounded the same day, were moved into the same hut with me, and they gave me a share of what they had. To the brother of one of them I was indebted for many acts of kindness, not yet forgotten.

It was thought best to send me to England; and in the kindness I received during that voyage my God gave me many messages of His love. I read my Bible daily, and I liked reading it; but I read it very much as I can now read the Kaffir Bible in the Roman character: I can pronounce the words, but I do not understand what they mean. No; there is a key to the Bible, without which its precious truths are hidden treasure, unsearchable to the natural mind. The love of God must first enter the heart, the glad tidings of the forgiveness of sins must first enlighten the mind,—in other words, what is called the gospel must be believed, before God's Word can be intelligently understood. What is the gospel? *It is a fact*,—that when Jesus, who was and is the Son of God, died on the cross, His blood made atonement for man's sin, and that *now*, through His blood, forgiveness of sins, free and unconditional, is proclaimed to man by God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The man who believes in Jesus *has* the forgiveness of sins.

Of this I was then as ignorant as any heathen who had never heard the name of Christ. I could remember that I had often been told, 'Do this,' 'do that,' 'be sorry,' 'repent,' and many other things I was *to do*: or that I had been told, 'Don't do this,' 'don't do that; God will be angry.' But that my sin had been atoned for, that God really loved me,

and that Christ could keep me from sin, I had not understood.

Thus, not knowing that my sins were forgiven, I read the Bible as a blind man; and no wonder if good resolutions vanished like mists before the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life.

I rejoined my regiment in the Crimea, to return with it to England. After a few months at home, it was ordered to India, and in July 1857 we embarked for service in that land. We had a pleasant passage, until one night, after the officers had been complaining a good deal of the monotony of the voyage, and that we had not 'carried away' anything, it pleased the Lord to show His almighty power. One blast of a hurricane, and all the top-gallant masts were smashed. It came on so suddenly that there was no time to lower the masts, but the bare poles were snapped off like twigs. When the ship was struck, the officer who was sleeping in the cot next to mine was thrown out of it on the top of me. For a second I thought the ship would not right itself, and that we should all go down at once. It was an awful moment to many on board beside myself. As adjutant, it was my duty to get up to look after the guard and prisoners on the forecastle. Having given orders for their safety, I went up to the captain of the ship,

who was alone on the poop. What a scene! Masts broken, and swinging to and fro; boats and taffrail on the port side gone; the helm lashed and deserted; the mainsail in ribbons! Holding on with all my strength, for fear of being blown overboard, I stood near the captain. Putting both his hands close to his mouth and to my ear, he shouted, 'You are in greater danger now than ever you were at Sebastopol. If the foresail goes, we shall all go to the bottom.' How I now thank him for those words! Yes; there is a hope of escape on the field of battle; but what in the raging of a hurricane at sea, if the ship fails you? O unbeliever, if Christ be not God, what is man's hope of eternal life? Is he not a dying, perishing, miserable creature?

Those words made me think. I remembered prayers and promises, and sins recent, unrepented, and unforgiven. I saw death, judgment, and eternity before me as I never before had seen them. I also saw in the raging of the wind and sea more of *His* power against whom I knew myself a sinner. When the hurricane had somewhat lulled, one of my brother officers came to me and said, 'Malan, come to my cabin, and let us thank God for our deliverance.' How heartily I joined him in so doing! My confession of sin and my prayers for mercy were both sincere, and in due time I received pardon and peace.

The regiment landed at Kurrachee, marched to Hyderabad, and was sent to Lahore. The siege of Lucknow was then going on; but our duty was to guard some thousands of disarmed Sepoys, and this kept me out of that work. I had not forgotten the hurricane, and my purpose to serve God was unaltered, but, alas! I knew not the way. His promise by Christ is, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.' To the glory of His grace, *every one* that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth. Ignorant as I was, I asked and sought, and I did not do so in vain. But He led me by a wonderful way.

Death was pretty busy in my regiment during the first summer in India. Many of the old soldiers succumbed to the intense heat. I was often deeply grieved to hear of some old comrades called away. On more than one occasion I read the funeral service in the evening over the body of a man with whom I had spoken in the morning. The death of a man who was that day my orderly touched me deeply. He came for my sword about eight o'clock; at twelve, I heard he was very ill in hospital; I saw him about two, dying; and I attended his funeral in the evening. I shall never forget my visit to him that afternoon. Oh to be able to speak a word of comfort to my dying friend! In an agony of despair I bent over him, fearing lest any should hear me: 'Joe, old boy, trust in Christ.' 'I do, sir,' replied the old soldier.

What a hypocrite I felt to name that Name! I believed in Him, but yet I knew nothing of Him. I felt deeply how far from Christian was my life, and how little right I had to speak of Him to others. One of the officers was called away during that summer. Captain Coney was one of those men of whom a whole regiment could testify, 'I never heard him speak an unkind or an impure word.' He was in the same bungalow with me. I was very fond of him. I sat a good deal with him during his last hours, and read the precious words of Christ to him. We shall, I doubt not, meet in His glory. These occurrences led me to feel the vanity and uncertainty of this mortal life, the all-importance of that beyond, and the value of God's Word. They drew me very closely towards the British soldier, an exile from his home, and too often dying in an Indian hospital, with no one to speak a word of comfort, or to tell him of Christ and heaven.

Just at this time I attained the age of twenty-one, and inherited certain property. I also obtained the rank of captain. The world was before me. One of my brother officers suggested the Guards, or cavalry at home. The comforts of an English country gentleman's life were very alluring. But God had brought to bear on me that blessed influence called in His Word 'the fear of the Lord.' He made me realize that there was responsibility connected with educa-

tion, position, and means, and that there is an account to be hereafter given to Him for them. He made me also feel deeply His goodness and love in giving me this education and position, His mercy in sparing my life at Sebastopol, and in preserving me in India, when so many of my comrades were being called away. In a word, His great goodness to me began to touch my heart. Both Guards and cavalry, I knew, would bring me into contact with far more temptation than serving in the infantry; so I dismissed those plans. As regarded the life of a country gentleman, the question was, Where could I do most good,—settled in England, or as an officer in the army? In which position should I be most useful to my country? Who needed my feeble abilities most,—the working man at home, or the British soldier abroad? These were the questions which the ‘fear of the Lord’ led me to consider. How I thank and praise Him for the choice He made for me! I decided, by His grace, to remain in the army, there to serve Him. It was my purpose to seek, by every possible means, the welfare and comfort of my fellow-soldiers. To Him I felt that I owed everything; and although I did not know how to serve or please Him, His grace and mercy led me to try. Many of my old brother officers had exchanged to the other battalion of the regiment, in England, and all seemed desirous of leaving India; so, thinking it would be easier to begin

to serve God in a regiment where I was not known, I exchanged. I expected and obtained quicker promotion by my exchange; but, although I was afraid to tell any one what was then passing in my mind, my real reason for leaving my old regiment was that just given,—the desire to lead a new life and to serve God.

IV.

Led to Repentance.

‘Despisest *thou* the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering ; not knowing that *the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance ?*’—ROM. II. 4.

Praise His name who died to save us ;
'Tis by Him His people live,
And in Him the Father gave us
All that boundless love could give :
 Life eternal
In the Saviour we receive.

CHAPTER IV.

I NOW know and see that leaving my old regiment on the above ground was an act of unbelief. But I did not then comprehend the power of the *sovereign grace of God*. What words these are! They are peace, strength, and salvation, when rightly understood. The Lord help me to explain them simply! The grace, that is, the love of God, not only, as above noted, freely forgives sin, but gives power against sin, and power to live for and confess Christ. The instant the soul really sees the Lord JESUS, as revealed by God in His Word, as its living Saviour, exalted at God's right hand in glory, and believes that His blood has washed away its sin, the power of the Holy Spirit takes possession of it, and by His power the soul is able to serve, and not ashamed to own the name of JESUS. This I did not know, for I was very ignorant: so I went on desiring to do what was right before God; all my mistakes being lovingly and graciously overruled for my highest good.

My sense of responsibility as captain of a company

led me to consider what I ought to do for God among the men whom He had placed under my command. I knew that there were many of them who could not read, and I felt that my education was a talent which I could use for their benefit and God's glory. If they could not read, they could not read God's Word; and as I believed it to be true, it was plainly my duty, as their best friend, to read it to them if they would listen. Accordingly, having asked leave from the colonel, I told my colour-sergeant that I would go to the barracks every Sunday afternoon to read to the men who could not read, if they were willing to come. To my very great encouragement, a good many men came; not only those who could not read, but several of those who could. I did not attempt to explain the Bible, for I did not understand it then, but I read it; and I also read a page or two of Venn's *Complete Duty of Man*, selecting such portions as would suit soldiers. I had obtained this book solely on account of its title; I wanted to learn my duty as a man, and I was glad of any help. I did not then know *how easy and simple is the whole duty of man*, best told in Christ's own words, '*This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent*' (John vi. 29). By the grace of God I had now fairly put my hand to the plough. A very ignorant and clumsy ploughman I was; but His grace, that sovereign grace

which begins, carries on, and brings to a glorious end the salvation of every soul which accepts it, kept me trusting in Him. My training as a soldier, my drilling as an adjutant, all helped me. 'Look straight to your front,' so often before on my lips, now came to my heart; and one of my favourite verses in the Bible has ever been, 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee' (Prov. iv. 25). A capital text for a Christian soldier. March on a point; that point, Christ. It must not be imagined that I was then more than a seeker; I had not yet found Him who is the Pearl of great price. On the contrary, the love of the world held its place in my heart, and the fear of man was strong as ever. I purposed to make myself 'a man of letters;' and to this end bought all the British poets—many volumes, nearly a yard long. I waded through Chaucer, Spenser, and on to those of Charles II.'s reign. The more I read the more weary I got. What were they? Fiction. What I wanted was fact, truth; yea, eternal truth. Instead of my mind being improved, it was too often injured; and at last I threw them all away, and stuck more and more to my Bible.

At length the light burst upon my soul,—that light which brings peace to the conscience, and enables the soul to rejoice in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, of the love of God, and of eternal

life. I was riding back from mess one night upon my camel, grieving as usual over the uselessness of my life for the glory of God and the good of man, when, as a ray from heaven, there came into my mind the verse of a chapter I had read to my men: '*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*' (Isa. liii. 6). What! THE INIQUITY OF US ALL? Then all MY iniquity—that means, *all my sins of omission as well as commission, all my sins, past, present, and future*—all laid BY GOD ON CHRIST, all borne away, all forgiven. Oh, the joy! Oh, the peace! How I got down from my camel, ran to my room, and, falling on my knees before God, praised and blessed Him and the Lord Jesus Christ! I have often since been grieved and distressed by sin, but I have, thank God! never, never lost *that peace—peace through the blood of Christ*.

Before I close this chapter I will mention, as a help to Christians who may read this book, some of the other means used of God in my conversion. I spent a few hours in 1857, before going to India, at Beckenham Rectory, Kent, well known as the blessed home of Dr. Marsh's son-in-law, the Rev. F. Chalmers, and his dear wife. The Christian joy and love I there witnessed made me never forget the influence of those few hours. Then there were in my old regiment two officers whom we all con-

sidered Christians, and to their godly example I owe much. But more than all, my mother's friend, Mrs. Chalmers, often wrote to me when in India, telling me of the love of the Lord Jesus, and urging me to love and serve Him. Her letters were a great help and encouragement to me. They told me more of His love than I had heard before, and thus was I led to love Him. These letters, and my study of the Scriptures, were most blessed to me. Various indeed were the means used, but, praised be God! the result was my salvation. 'He brought me to His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.'

V.

Count the Cost.

‘ I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.’—
ROM. VIII. 18.

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And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take His weary pilgrims home ?

CHAPTER V.

It is the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins which draws out the heart in love to God. When this blessed truth is realized in the power of the Holy Spirit, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and in God's Word, the heart's desire is to please and serve Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. But then comes in the love of the world, and all the opposition which the world, flesh, and devil offer to every convert to God. This I felt especially, for I was very ignorant of Scripture truth; and the love of the world, and the desire to please my fellow-men, still held their influence over me. However, again I was helped by being a soldier, for I had begun to read my Bible as I read the Queen's Regulations, as if all its instructions were intended to be followed out. The fear of being considered a hypocrite is one of the many snares by which Satan keeps men, particularly soldiers and sailors, from believing in Christ. Forgetting that it is the shepherd who keeps the sheep, and not the sheep

who keep the shepherd, they say, If I go to Him, I can't stick to Him. No; but, blessed be God! He will stick to you, my dear brother. Will that do? He says of those who come with their hearts to *Him*, to *Him up in the glory*, '*I give unto them eternal life; they shall never perish, neither shall any*'—man or devil—'*pluck them out of my hand*' (John x. 28). Oh the strength that promise has been to my soul these years past! On it, and on Him who spoke it, I have rested with what an old Indian officer called 'a reigning peace.' This fear of falling away, and being called a hypocrite, was terrible—not for myself, but I felt the reproach such fall would bring on the name and cause of Him I loved. Happily for me, in studying His teaching I had been struck with His caution to those who professed to follow Him. Wisely advising them to act in service towards Him as they would in any earthly matter likely to bring expense or loss, He said, 'Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish.' 'So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple' (Luke xv. 28-30, 33).

I did not at all understand then that the same mercy which had led me to believe would guide, keep, and support me onwards to the end. But by God's grace, according to my knowledge I did count the cost. I knew that the more closely I followed Christ, the more trial I should have to expect from those around me. I reckoned that I should exchange popularity for reproach and shame, and that I should be misunderstood and opposed by those I sought most to please. I also calculated that as I got up higher in my profession, and was better able to serve the Lord, I should meet with prohibition from the highest military authorities, and should probably be obliged to leave the army. But, on the other side, there was the obligation of that love which stooped from heaven to Calvary to save my soul; there was eternal glory in return for present shame and loss; and there was the eternal joy of having sharers with me in that glory,—British soldiers, whom I should lead, by teaching and example, to believe in the Lord Jesus.

Happy and blessed day when, led by God's grace, I counted the cost! It all came true as regards the first part of it. As regards that which is yet to come, my hope of it is clearer and brighter every day. The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. I have good reason to believe that there are not a few

British soldiers waiting to welcome me above, whom, by God's grace, I led to trust in Christ; and what will my joy be when I see His face? Dear reader, count the cost, and follow Him.

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VI.

He Leadeth Out.

‘And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.’—JOHN x. 4.

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I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide ;
With a childlike trust, I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Good Shepherd—what a sweet title it is!—goeth before and leadeth out His trembling flock. He does not drive them through torrents and streams, but He lifts them up in His arms, and bears them in safety over. He alone does this for those who trust Him. The phantoms which men follow instead of listening to Him lead them, it may be, at times by brilliantly tinselled paths, but yet by much misery, to the blackness of darkness for ever. Even the brightest of those paths never yield for one second the solid joy which daily refreshes the humblest soul that trusts in Jesus.

So He led me ; how lovingly and gently I cannot tell. He knew my weakness, and He did not allow me to be tried beyond my strength. He knew my desire to serve Him, and He opened me up ways in a marvellous manner.

It is not my purpose to attempt anything like a minute record of the little acts of service He gave me the opportunity to do for Him during the years

which intervened between this time, 1859, and my last foreign service in 1869.

I would rather pass it over in complete silence ; for when I think of the golden opportunities given, and the inconsistency, unfaithfulness, and ignorance of God's Word by which I continually grieved a Master so good, so gracious, and so loving, I find little satisfaction in the retrospect. But, dear reader, I do not look at myself. No ; thank God ! I have some one much better to look at, and He is Christ. I look at Him, and forget myself, and I am full of happiness and joy. Yet, inasmuch as I shall have to appear before the judgment-seat of my Lord, to give account of all that time of service, this is my very consolation. '*Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more ;*' and this is God's present covenant with me and every soul which believes in His Son. Therefore all that I otherwise grieve over is forgotten ; but whatever was done by His grace for His glory is recorded, to be by the same grace hereafter rewarded. Oh, wondrous grace ! What a God and Father is our God to all those who believe in Christ !

I was quartered at Meerut when I was led by God's Spirit to see the forgiveness of sins and to rejoice in my Saviour. It was there I first began to read God's Word to my comrades. This Sunday reading I continued, wherever I was quartered, as

long as I commanded a company. It was seed-sowing; and I doubt not but some fruit shall be found from it after many days.

From Meerut my regiment moved to Allahabad in 1860. I was on the detachment in the fort with my company for one or two months, and here met a chaplain, the Rev. F. W. Kingsford, from whose Christian kindness and sympathy I received much encouragement. He was devoted to the men, overworked himself, and was afterwards obliged to return to England. It was by his example and approval that I commenced a weekly lecture on God's Word for the men. He himself conducted these lectures until his health failed. This was during an Indian summer in the plains. The heat was intense. Out of doors, in the evening, the ground was as if burning; but the interior of the little garrison chapel, where I met with a few of my comrades and some of the 70th Regiment, seemed, although we had no 'punkah,' the coolest spot in the whole station. How I enjoyed those evenings! They were very precious; and I formed friendships then and there which will last for eternity. It was twelve years after these meetings, when I was told by a lady that a friend of hers had met an old sergeant of the 70th, who owed, under God, his conversion to a simple question I asked him: 'Do you believe what you have been singing?' I remember

the occasion. I was very tired, and asked him to choose and lead a hymn. He did so; and when it was sung, I put my hand on his arm, and asked him that question. It was done rather to strengthen my own faith than to test his; but it was the thrust which went home to his heart, and eventually led him to the Lord. Thus, lovingly and gently, was the door of work opened for me; and I have now the joy to know that even that first simple effort was blessed by God. I have since met my old friend, and it was one of those joyful meetings which only they can appreciate who have borne by grace the Cross in the army or navy. Thus God works. He uses the feeblest means to carry out His great purposes of salvation. May the record of this simple fact encourage those who are beginning to work for the Lord to trust His power and blessing, and to go forward!

Blessed be God! this Christian life is only following where the Lord Jesus leads. 'Created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them' (Eph. ii. 10), is the comfort and repose of the Christian in his daily walk. But this I did not *then* know.

I was invalided from India, and on arrival at Calcutta, I was asked to take command of a detachment of invalids for England. Thus was another door opened to me at once, and an opportunity I

earnestly desired given me of trying to teach soldiers the precious truths in which my own heart was beginning to rejoice more and more.

As far as the voyage is concerned, it would have been monotonous enough if the ship had been seaworthy ; but it was not. From the time we left the Sandheads, the captain told me he could not keep the ship afloat without the aid of my men. I have sympathized much with Mr. Plimsoll in his praiseworthy efforts to put a stop to sending men to sea in such ships. If this ship had not been taken up for troops, she never would have reached port. As it was, we had to pump her for five weeks and five days, for twenty minutes every two hours. My men worked by day, the sailors by night. Never did I admire the British soldier so much as when I watched those worn-out men working at the pumps.

The Brigade Major of Calcutta handed me on board ship, before we left, an 'Extract from a Minute by Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, K.C.B., dated the 2d January 1860,' for my guidance. I of course read it. To my great joy I found the following :—

'17. I trust I shall not be deemed unreasonable if I express a very decided opinion that, daily (before breakfast), the troops should be assembled for the public worship of God. I do not ask for a long service. On

the contrary, I think that all our services are too long for a military congregation. The week-day services I would make very short. But a service of some sort there should be, if only the reading of a few verses of the Bible, etc.'

What a help, comfort, and encouragement was this official sanction to me ! I had determined, in some way, to read God's Word daily, so that any men who liked might hear it. But this was *authority*, and relieved me from all responsibility. How I thanked God for putting it into Sir James Outram's heart to write those instructions ! I never pass the statue of that good soldier, on the Thames embankment, without praising God on his behalf.

At the first parade I read all orders received. After drawing the attention of the men to the above, I told them that the service would be entirely voluntary, but I invited them to come. Every morning and evening, during that voyage, God's Word was read, and the effect on the conduct of the men was marked. A quiet tone pervaded the ship, without in any way repressing the mirth and fun of the British soldier. Swearing and bad language were never heard on deck. This, in a detachment made up of twenty-six different corps, was the more remarkable. I had a voluntary meeting for prayer for a few moments before breakfast. This I found a great help when the danger of the leak was

known, for it enabled me calmly, and without any appearance of fear, to ask God to take care of the ship. Never was prayer more wonderfully answered. When the ship arrived at the Mauritius, I applied officially to the General to have it surveyed by a board of naval officers. This was done. After the survey, the president, an old captain R.N., told me, 'You have had the most extraordinary escape ever man had. The sheet of copper over the hole was only held by two nails; and if it had been washed off, you must have gone down.' How little do we know what is for our good! I often prayed, if it were God's will, for a good breeze to take the ship quickly to port. But such was not His will, for, had we had anything like a strong wind, the sheet of copper could not have held. As it was, it was the steady pressure of a gentle breeze, never more than five knots, never less than two, which, by help of the two nails, held the sheet of copper in its place. 'His tender mercy is over all His works.'

Death was very busy among the invalids during the voyage to the Mauritius. They could not sleep at night for the noise of the pumps. 'Oh, sir, if you would stop the pumping I would get sleep.' Poor fellows, this could not be done. I was early warned not to delay giving to my men the message of eternal life which God had given me for them. This I did after I had made the necessary arrangements for dis-

cipline and comfort. What encouragement the Lord gave me the very first day! It was in the afternoon. I went below. Both sides of the deck 'were lined with beds filled with sick and dying men. After speaking a cheery word to each of them about their health or regiment, I said, 'Comrades, let me read to you the Word of God. Whether in sickness or health, joy or sorrow, this blessed book is our best friend.' I then told them how God had led me to believe it and love it, and asked them if they would like me to read to them. They thanked me. Many a poor sick fellow raised himself in his bed. They listened with deep attention while I read to them those precious words of the Lord Jesus, in Luke xv. Here we learn that the love of God gives free and full forgiveness of sins to the sinner who turns to Him. The father kissed his son, in token of his acceptance, *before* the son could say, 'Father, I have sinned.' *Because* sin has been atoned for, put away by the blood and sacrifice of Christ, God forgives the guiltiest sinner who turns to Him *before* he can get on his knees and confess his sin! *His forgiveness was purchased* when his great Substitute died for him. *He can rejoice* in his forgiveness *when he believes* that that Substitute was the Son of God, who lives in glory to bring him there. Then, while he rejoices, he will mourn that he should have so long rejected one who so loved him. This is repentance, because he will

then forsake sin and turn to God. I had drawn my bow at a venture, in humble faith. I had hardly gone up on deck for fresh air when the corporal of the guard came to me. 'Sir, that deserter M'Niff wants to see you.' I was too tired then to go to him, but I went after my evening reading to the men between decks. This soldier, a prisoner, screened away from the rest, had heard every word I had read and said; and, like iced water to fevered lips, the message of mercy had come home to his soul. 'Sir,' he said, 'I'm a great sinner. I've done very wrong, and I'm very very sorry for it. I heard what you read this afternoon, and I am like that poor man. You said there was mercy for all who repent. I do most truly; will God forgive me?' I took his hand. It was pitch dark, but I felt God was present. 'My poor friend, you are causing joy through all heaven,' was my reply. Simply I told him the story of the Cross, simply he believed. 'I am so thankful I came here,' said the poor fellow; and he added, 'Oh, sir, let me once more take your hand.' There was no humbug about this man. He had nothing to gain from me. He was dying of consumption. Everything he wanted the doctor gave him. Great was his joy in God his Saviour. I talked with him every day; and when his blessed spirit was released, and I committed to the deep the body of my 'dear brother here departed,' the Lord sent a wave up to

the very edge of the gangway, to receive it with the tenderness of a mother to her child. That wave was a beautiful sight.

I could write pages upon pages as to the blessed result of the reading of God's Word during that voyage. It has been the source to me of unspeakable happiness ever since. One of those who were then led to believe was afterwards the means of very great good in his own regiment. Another is now in glory: he was a noble soldier, a devoted husband, as good a specimen of a British dragoon as ever put a foot into a stirrup. In the churchyard of the village of Monaghan, in Ireland, a stone marks his grave: 'Erected by his widow, and by an officer who loved him as a brother.'

'Them that honour ME I will honour,' is God's promise. What He promises He performs. I had accepted the command of that detachment in order to try and tell my fellow-soldiers of Him. He in His providence sent me on board an unseaworthy ship; and the conduct of the detachment during the time of danger received the approbation of the military authorities, in which, of course, I shared. The general commanding at the Mauritius issued a general order, in which he commented in the highest terms on the behaviour of the men; and in a letter to the Commander-in-chief, forwarding a report of the circumstance, he was pleased to write most

kindly of me. When the ship arrived at Gravesend, I found that a garrison order had been issued at Chatham, by order of the Commander-in-chief, expressing his approbation of the conduct of the detachment. I received a letter from the Adjutant-General, expressing 'His Royal Highness' high appreciation' of my conduct in command of the detachment while the ship was in danger. A letter was also sent to the colonel of my regiment, unknown to me, directing that an account of this occurrence was to be inserted in the Historical Record of the regiment. This was a great deal about very little ; but the Lord is bountiful towards His servants.

VII.

The Secret of Strength.

‘The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe . . . which HE wrought in Christ, when HE raised Him from the dead . . . *and hath quickened us together with Christ.*’—EPH. I. 19, 20 ; II. 5.

Our place is with Thee on the throne ;
Then, loved with such a love,
Oh, let us walk as strangers here,
Our hearts our homes above.

CHAPTER VII.

CONVERSION to God,—that is, giving Him the heart because forgiveness of sins is received and His love in Christ believed,—is that blessed change by which the soul passes from death to life, and from darkness to light. But it is not all. Hard were the struggles, painful was the discipline, and lengthened the teaching, before I learned the fulness of these privileges. Gladly would I, by God's grace, help to save you, dear reader, from such an ordeal. Know, therefore, from God's own Word, that, when led by His Spirit to believe in the Lord JESUS, you are, by the grace and will of God, *now* placed in Christ, and *now* raised up, and *now* seated with Him at God's right hand (Eph. ii.). Oh, to know this! It is joy, life, and power over the world, flesh, and devil.

For nine years after my conversion I went on fighting and struggling, desiring to live for Christ, but more or less tied to the world, its vanities, amusements, and pleasures, because I did not understand, what God's Word so plainly sets forth, the

present, real, living union of the believer with the living Christ in glory. This fact, when realized, frees the Christian, by the power of the Holy Spirit, from the chains of this world's pleasures. Never until I saw it was I free. But the day this glorious truth flashed from the light of God's Word into my soul, I was delivered from the bondage of the world. Oh, blessed, happy liberty !

Yes, dear reader, if you are a Christian, take your place in regard to this world at once in Christ at God's right hand. If you are not one, don't hesitate, but obey His voice, 'Come unto ME,' and take that place now, forgiven and rejoicing.

It was liberty indeed. How it decided questions which before puzzled and distressed me! May I do this? May I do that? How much may I spend of my time and means in folly, vanity, or sin? Let the Apostle answer: 'I am crucified with Christ,' and by Him 'the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' And again, 'Our old man is crucified with Him, that henceforth we should not serve sin.'

O reader, this is not a theory, a doctrine, a delusion, but a blessed, happy, glorious fact, declared by God's Word, which, if you believe it, you are as much bound to receive as that of the forgiveness of sins by the precious blood of the Lord JESUS. Read, believe, and rejoice. 'GOD, who is rich in mercy,

for His great love wherewith HE loved us, even *when we were dead* in sins, *hath quickened us together with Christ* (by grace ye are saved); and *hath raised us up together, and made us sit together* in heavenly places *in Christ Jesus*' (Eph. ii. 4-6). Oh, those blessed '*haths*,' connected with what *God has done* for us! They are solid facts, on which our souls may rest in peace and joy. 'Who *hath made* us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who *hath delivered* us from the power of darkness, and *hath translated* us into the kingdom of His dear Son: in whom *we have redemption* through His blood, *the forgiveness of sins*' (Col. i. 12-14). 'He that believeth on ME *hath* everlasting life' (John vi. 47).

Oh, accept your happy place, and 'yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead' (Rom. vi. 13), quickened, and raised up, and seated now by Him with Christ in heavenly places.

VIII.

We follow Him.

'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'—JOHN XIV. 15.

**My disciples, My brethren, My friends,
Can ye dare to follow ME ?
Then wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.**

CHAPTER VIII.

GLADLY have I thus briefly passed over nine years of my pilgrimage and warfare. They were not fruitless to myself, for they ended by my gaining the blessed knowledge of my standing in the Lord Jesus Christ. The truths of the Word of God opened out to me by His teaching with fuller power, and His written Word became more and more a living reality in my soul. I had yet much to learn, but I was being taught.

It was towards the end of this period of my life, when I was suffering under His fatherly chastisement, and bowed down by many earthly sorrows, that I was placed on the staff in Canada, and in His love He brought me the friendship of one of His faithful servants. Happily for me, I had to serve under him as a soldier, and it was my duty as a soldier to comply with his least wish, and to try to please him in everything. As he lived by prayer and the guidance of the Word, it can be understood that, as he permitted me to enjoy the closest friend-

ship with him, such friendship was a rich blessing to me. I shall never cease to thank my God for this timely mercy and help. The example of this dear friend strengthened and encouraged me to press on. As each perplexity arose, his remark was, 'To the Word, and to the testimony;' and what the Word said, that we did. This is an invaluable rule, dear reader. Have you learnt it? Which do you follow,—your heart, or God's Word? You cannot trust your heart at any time, but you can always trust God's Word. There is no question, however difficult, which, if you consult God's Word with earnest prayer, you will not be able to solve.

But not only in this respect was his example blessed to me. I learned, by the answers he received to his prayers, to believe more implicitly in the efficacy of prayer. God gave him grace to abound in love. Amongst other good works was a home for fallen women. No such institution existed then in Canada. He began it, and founded it in prayer. In answer to his prayers, the best possible home and the best possible matron were found. Both still continue, and many precious souls have been rescued from sin and death by means of that home.

But the greatest blessing which God gave me in my intercourse with this valued friend was my liberty as a Christian. In a very wonderful way I obtained this blessed liberty. My friend, I knew,

attended public worship wherever the Word of God was faithfully preached, without reference to denomination or building. I had never then been inside what is called a Dissenting chapel, and had, from education and ignorance, a perfect horror of such a building. Superstition filled it with all spiritual evil. Blessed be God! the spell was broken at once and for ever. I knew that if my friend went to one place of worship, and I to another, it would be said that we two Christians could not agree. So I determined that this should not be said of us. He, it appears, had been led to the same determination. In the morning he went with me to the ministry of a faithful preacher of the gospel of the Church of England, and in the evening I went with him wherever he felt inclined to go. Thus, at the end of the year, I had joined in the public worship of God with all bodies of Christians—Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans. I learned that when the ministers and members of a Church are taught of God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, there is no substantial difference between them except on some minor points. In comparison of the one great central truth, round which all Christians should rally,—the divinity of the Lord Jesus, and the real unity of His body, the Church, all who truly believe in Him,—what is there which

in these days should hinder Christians from unity and brotherly love? Increasing infidelity demands increasing self-denying love; and blessed are they who, without demanding the giving up of deep-rooted opinions on non-essential points, can unite Christians of all denominations in praise and prayer. In such places blessing will abound, God will be glorified, souls will be saved, the churches will be multiplied. When I left that garrison, I left behind me dear Christian friends, ministers and members of each denomination. Ever since then I have enjoyed the most delightful fellowship with my fellow-Christians of all opinions who would receive me for Christ's sake.

During these years God continued to teach me more and more out of His own Word. Day by day He opened up the Scriptures to me by His Holy Spirit. In teaching my comrades I was taught myself, and the truths I endeavoured to impress upon their minds became increasingly real and more precious to my own. But I profited most by the quiet study of the Word, with prayer, with one or more of my fellow-Christians. The first who invited me to join him in this was a Scotch nobleman, who has ever since been one of my dearest friends. What blessed acquaintances I have formed over God's Word! They are made for all eternity. Many, very many happy hours have I passed with

officers of the same garrison in the study of the Scriptures. I especially delighted in these meetings, for soldiers keep very closely to the point, and we never allowed any other authority on any question but the Word of God itself.

IX.

The Duty of Love.

‘ He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him,
We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him unto
Jesus.’—JOHN I. 41, 42.

Praise Him that He lives to bless us,
Now and evermore the same.

Precious Saviour !
We would all Thy love proclaim.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Roman officer at Capernaum loved his servant who was sick. The fame of a mighty prophet had reached him. With a soldierlike indifference whether the Scribes, Pharisees, and Herodians acknowledged the divine mission of this heaven-sent messenger, he believed on Him. He was convinced that He who could work such miracles as those of which he heard on credible authority, must be of God. His love for his servant led to an exercise of faith which has given us one of the most instructive narratives of our Saviour's life on earth, and given him, by grace, a foremost place in the ranks of the redeemed.

Why was it that this Roman soldier and he who was on duty at the crucifixion of our Lord believed? Why was Cornelius, a soldier, afterwards elected by God to be the first Gentile to believe the glad tidings of forgiveness of sins, and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost? I have no doubt, as a soldier, that it was because their habit of thought as soldiers

prepared them for the reception of that truth which can only be received by the simplicity of faith which characterizes a little child. Soldiers judge of things *by fact* much more than others do. They do not bother themselves with the questions which disturb the philosopher, theologian, or man of science. They do not ask why this and that is so. They see and believe. They see a world, and they know that there must be a Creator. They see His works, and they know that He is wise and wonderful. They see sin, and they know it is sin. They see death, and they know it is death. They see holiness, and they know it is holiness. They see this in men who study and try to obey the Bible; they know, therefore, that the Bible has a sanctifying power. They see this in men who believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and they know that this faith has a converting power. If Jesus is the Son of God, if the Bible is the Word of God,—and they argue from the facts they see that it is so,—*they know they ought to believe.* This leads to reading that Book, and prayer, and thus to faith and salvation. Every step in conversion is, of course, of God alone; but I believe that this simple reasoning is the process by which many a soldier has been led to Christ. I have always thanked God that I was a soldier. It has been a great help to me as a Christian. But His grace is sufficient for all in all callings. *Only believe.*

Love has its duty. When the man out of whom the Lord Jesus had cast the devils prayed Him that he might be with Him, He told him to go to his friends, and tell them how great things the Lord had done for him, and had had mercy on him. He owed a duty to his friends, to tell them of so great a Saviour, so perfect a salvation. So is it with all of us. When the light of God's love shines into our souls, we owe a duty to others. The Roman officer would not let his servant die without appealing to Him of whose love and power he had heard. Neither may we, who know His love and power, allow those whom we love to perish everlastingly without appealing to Him in their behalf, and telling them of One whose salvation they all need.

Like my brother-in-arms of Capernaum, I had a servant who was dear unto me. There has always existed a very strong attachment between officers and soldiers in all armies. The friendship of the officer and soldier at Capernaum has been repeated thousands of times in the British army. Our own army, like the Roman, is always on foreign service, and nothing draws men together like companionship in exile and danger. And among the many mercies for which I continually praise Him, there are few more precious to my memory than the conversion of my old soldier-servant.

Paddy Carrol was well known in the Royal Fusiliers. I met him at Malta in April 1855. From that day we were friends. I loved him as a brother, and he loved me as a son. When I returned to Malta wounded, in July, the ship had hardly anchored before he was over its side, and his joy at my safety was most touching. On my return to the Crimea I took him on with me as my servant. The paymaster wanted to keep him. 'I can trust him with untold gold,' he wrote. 'That is the reason I want him,' was my reply. We were always together. I saw him make a wonderful shot with a bullet at a hare, in the vineyards of the Alma, and wipe a Frenchman's eyes with a duck at Tchernaya. How well I remember that scene! The Frenchman missed the bird; Paddy shot it. The Zouave rushed to pick it up; with two bounds the athletic Irishman got it before him, and held it aloft by an arm that no two Frenchmen could bend. 'It's my bird, Johnny,' said old Paddy. The Frenchman tried to get it, shouting it was his. Paddy and I were the only two of our army there. I could see no French officer, and there were many French soldiers, who were running towards us. What was to be done? 'Paddy, look at that man's face; you get a good dinner every day, and the French are starving. The bird is yours, but you don't want it. Give it to him.' 'You're right, sir,' said Paddy.

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‘Here, Johnny, I give you the bird.’ To do the Frenchman justice, when he got the bird he was profuse in thanks. In England, Paddy was my servant, in India, my orderly. When I left the Fusiliers, he gave me such a grip of the hand that my knuckles ached for two hours afterwards.

Between that time and his discharge I was converted. When we next met, it was in England. I was riding near my home when I saw my old friend walking towards me. It was a joyful meeting. After mutual inquiries, I said, ‘Paddy, since we last met I am a changed man. You will be always welcome in my home; but there is one thing about which I have been troubled since my change: I want all my servants to attend the daily reading of God’s Word in my house.’ ‘And I wish to attend it too, sir,’ said the old soldier, without a moment’s hesitation. ‘Yes, Paddy, but what will the priest say?’

He put down his head, and stood in deep thought. I could see by the movement of his muscular body the struggle that was going on within—superstition against common sense, fear against love. It was a hard fight, but at length raising his head, and looking me full in the face, he said, ‘What I say’—and he emphasized the ‘I’—‘is this: my master is a good Christian, and my master’s religion is good enough for me.’ ‘No, Paddy, I don’t want you to

change for me ; but I will show you in God's Word what He has taught me, and if you think it is His truth, I shall be thankful if you believe it.' Every evening after that conversation, for some days, I read St. John's Gospel with him. He beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. I had often the happiness of commemorating His death with my dear old comrade and friend. I was with him the last night of his earthly career, and I witnessed his triumph over pain and death. ' When a man comes to be where I am now, it's a fine thing to believe.' Such were the last words I remember of this true-hearted Irishman. We shall never part when we next meet.

X.

Faint Not.

‘ Let us not be weary in well-doing : for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. ’—GAL. VI. 9.

Onward, soldier ! meet the foe ;
Clad in God's own armour, go ;
Gird thee for the coming strife
In the battlefield of life.

*Only trust, believe, obey,
God will help thee on thy way.*

CHAPTER X.

GLADLY would I pass on without any further reference to those years; but I must not forget that I took up my pen to praise God, and thereby to try and cheer my fellow-Christians in their works of faith. Therefore I feel I ought to tell them of His loving-kindness in giving me blessing in my work for Him, at a time when, for many causes, I was very sorely tried, and nothing but such blessing could have so helped and strengthened my heart. What can lift the Christian's heart above the sorrows of life like the joy of leading a soul to Christ? The men of this world know no such joy, and never can find anything like it. An immortal soul won for God and for heaven is a prize worthy of a man's joy who knows himself to be a child of that God, and an heir of His eternal glory.

Countless are the mercies which rise up before me, one by one, as I take up my pen to write this tale. They are echoes on echoes of the love of God! How delightful when memory revels in the mercies and

faithfulness of the ever-loving and long-suffering Creator! I will choose one out of many as a preface to this chapter. I was obliged to go to the south of France for the health of one dearer to me than myself. From her I was determined I would not part. She was sick, and no one could nurse her better than I could. It was a question where my regiment would be sent on leaving Aldershot, and on this depended my further soldiering. If sent to any station in Ireland or in the north of England, away from her friends, I should leave the service. At that time there was *one company* of infantry quartered in the Weymouth Barracks. Weymouth is about twenty miles from what was then her home. My regiment was moved from Aldershot; and when I returned from France, *my company was the one* in those barracks. I bade her good-bye, mounted my horse, had a delicious ride across the hills, and on entering the barrack-square at Weymouth found myself surrounded by my men. The next day I did my duty and rode home. Thus, day by day, I was able to do my duty and cheer my sick wife, until she was able to join me in Weymouth. Our God chose the best place for her, and the only quarter where I could have continued to serve in the army. Am I wrong in thus praising His faithfulness? Some months after our arrival I had a time of very great trial. It was too evident that we should have to

part; and of course, when the Christian's heart is sorest, Satan delights to try him most. We are not ignorant of his devices. He led astray two or three of my men in a way which gave me much additional sorrow. One especially was a cause of very great grief to me. I could not have had to bear anything more trying. I was indeed sorely troubled. It seemed as if the Lord had shut up His mercy to me, and that my efforts to serve Him in the regiment were entirely useless. O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

One Sunday afternoon I went up to barracks, to pay my men a visit as usual. I had gone through the barrack-rooms, and was waiting at the door for the orderly-room clerk, who had some returns ready for me, as the invalids were to go to headquarters early next day. One of my men came up to me: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but how is Mrs. — ? I have often wished to ask you. We would ask you every day, but we don't like. You cannot think how much the whole company feel for you!' This was a cup of cold water. I knew my men were fond of my sick one, for she had been always glad of an opportunity of meeting them, and they looked back with pleasure to the few happy occasions on which they had met. Soldiers are very grateful to those who care for them. The clerk was a careless man, which is why I felt obliged to look through the returns on Sunday.

They had to be ready early next morning for headquarters, and if wrong, could not then be made out again in time. The Christian soldier should never be found fault with, except as Daniel, 'concerning the law of his God.' Being often dependent upon others, he cannot, however, sometimes escape this. The returns were wrong. They had to be made out again, and it was more than an hour after the time I had promised to return to my home before they were finished.

In consequence of this needless delay, I had not visited the hospital, where it was my practice to read the gospel on Sunday afternoons. I looked up at the hospital windows, and then thought of my home, and my promise to return. Now ensued a struggle of conscience such as I had never before experienced. The invalid had put unusual emphasis on her request that I would return and sit with her by a certain hour. It was long past that time. But there were those sick men, concerning whose souls I had such deep interest. 'She is on the rock, thank God,' I said to myself; 'but these poor fellows, who are going away to-morrow, may never again meet one who cares for them as I do, and may never hear the gospel again.' I went towards the hospital. If ever the Tempter met a man, he met me then. He fought me every inch of the way to the house, and defended every step of the stairs. I could almost hear a voice

saying, 'Remember your promise!' 'Go home!' 'What's the use? you know you've been working so many years in the regiment, and what good have you done?' These suggestions were urged again and again with increased vehemence. I halted at the ward door, and before entering said: 'Master, I have toiled all night, and taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.' I entered. The men were glad to see me. I told them why I was late, and that I could only stay a few moments, as I had promised to return to my sick wife, but that I wished once more to read the gospel to them. I read the first parable in Luke xv., pointing out the love of God and Christ to sinners in that beautiful parable,—the helplessness of the sinner, and the love and power of the Saviour. I spoke very earnestly to the men who were going to leave the regiment next day, urging them to believe in the Lord Jesus, and to accept His salvation, that He might bear them on His shoulder to His home in heaven. Having prayed, I left the hospital, hoping for a blessing, and thanking God that He had given me grace not to miss this opportunity. But when I had got well away from the barracks, and my thoughts turned from my sick comrades to the invalid who had been expecting my return all this time, and from whom I was so soon to part, the Tempter again met me. This time he fairly beat

me. I leaned against a wall, and groaned, until, as a message from heaven, there rang in my heart these words, 'He that now goeth forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.' The trial was over. I ran home. A sweet smile rewarded me when I told the cause of my absence. Next morning the invalids left for headquarters. Three days afterwards I received a letter from one of them, a colour-sergeant, which filled my heart with inexpressible joy. That last visit had been blessed to his soul; he believed in Christ, and rejoiced in hope of glory. This at once explained the fierce temptations which had assailed me before going to the hospital that night. How I thanked God that I had made a last attempt! Fellow-Christian, you may have toiled long, and apparently without success; but go on, faint not, *in due season*—at the right time—*you shall reap*. We corresponded until he was called to glory. His letters, so genuine and sincere, are, among many such others from soldiers, my most valuable treasures. They were a source of very great pleasure to my dear wife,—evidently the Lord's arrangement to this end,—and nothing earthly so cheered our last days together as the Lord's mercy to this my dear comrade, and the joyful hope which he experienced in view of his coming release from the body, to depart and be with Christ.

Nothing ever strengthened and encouraged me so much as this did. It taught me a lesson I hope I shall never forget,—to believe in the power of the gospel, the promises of God, and the aid of the Holy Spirit, and to go on steadily serving the Lord Jesus as He leads, leaving the result to Him. Let us ever remember our Lord's words: 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.'



XI.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver.

‘The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.’
—2 PET. II. 9.

In the desert God shall teach thee
What a Saviour thou hast found ;
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE are two or three what a soldier would call '*standing orders*,' what the man of science would call '*fixed laws*,' in God's Word on which the Christian's heart can rest in perfect assurance. One is, '*The Lord knoweth* how to deliver the godly out of temptations, or trials.' God knows how to help His children out of their difficulties. He has all the resources of the universe at His disposal, and all can be made to serve His purposes towards the least of His children. It is a delightful, though often a painful study, to watch the wisdom and power with which God delivers His people out of their temptations. These are generally of two kinds,—those which He permits to befall them by the malice of Satan or man, or by the infirmities of nature or otherwise, for the trial of their faith; those which they bring upon themselves by an irregular or worldly walk, by neglecting Him and His Word, by not obeying His precepts.

I have had abundant cause in my own life to

praise Him for having delivered me out of many temptations, some of which, I must confess, I brought upon myself by ignorance and disobedience of His Word. Most Christians, if they carefully watched their lives, would find in their sickness and trials loving deliverances out of temptations. The following is one of the most wonderful which has come under my notice. I record it because it contains a warning to young Christians, and because it may serve for reference in discussing a most important public question,—trial by jury. God's Word says,—and I admit no other opinion of equal value,—‘*Judges shalt thou make, and they shall judge the people with just judgment.*’ Trial by jury, which is trial by persons unskilled in judgment, is a grave mistake. No man is fit to judge a case who has not studied the laws of evidence. The whole encumbrance of our present legal system hangs on the practice of trial by jury. Not one-half the evidence now produced would be brought forward if trial were by judges only. I am digressing from the purpose of my book to make these remarks; but having for years watched trial by court-martial, which *is supposed to be* trial by judges, and trial by civil law, I am certain that the ends of justice are attained more easily, more simply, and *more fairly to a poor man*, when he is tried by five men who understand law, all of whom wish to let him off if

possible, than when his acquittal depends on twelve men who know nothing whatever of the nature of evidence, and are therefore *more likely to be misled by the prosecution* than men who do.

‘J. G—— has got into trouble,’ said the Scripture reader to me one morning. ‘What is the matter?’ ‘Charge of forgery, sir.’ ‘Nonsense!’ I replied, laughing. I knew J. G. when he was a soldier in the garrison,—a humble, faithful, consistent Christian. He and another soldier started a small Sunday school in a neglected part of the town, where they were loved by the poor, and did much good. He had saved money, and bought his discharge. To make my story short, he was tried. The evidence against him was, that on a certain day on which he had lodged fifty dollars in a certain bank, a bank-book had been stolen out of the lodging-house in which he boarded, and the owner’s name forged at another bank. In writing the owner’s name, the forger had begun J. G. The clerk at the bank at which the money was drawn could not swear that J. G. was the man. The evidence for the defence was, that J. G. was a water drinker, had always been a saving man, had received over seventy dollars surplus in wages within two or three days of his depositing the fifty dollars. There was more evidence on both sides. One important part for the defence was, that a Frenchman of bad

character, whose initials were also J. G., had left the boarding-house and city the day the book was stolen. He had told a girl whom he had deceived that he would get her fifty dollars; but whether this part was proved or not I cannot now remember. To me, of course, the case was clear; but the jury found a verdict of 'Guilty,' and J. G. was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. I put on my uniform, and went off to the governor of the gaol. 'Sir, there's a friend of mine, as innocent as I am, just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. I hope you'll give him an easy berth.' I told him the story. He looked at me as much as to say, 'He's not the first innocent man by many I have had in here;' and then, in a tone which assured me he would grant my request, 'You know, sir, we can't make any difference between prisoners.' I visited J. G. in a few days. He had been appointed letter-writer to the prisoners, which enabled him to read the Word to them. Thus the Lord sent him into the prison as an evangelist. The next time I called on him, after some hesitation he began: 'Please, sir, the young woman—' and stopped. 'Hullo!' said I; 'now I see it all. I thought there was something of this kind in the matter. This has been a great mystery to me, for I knew you were innocent, and I was sure the Lord would never bring you in here except in mercy. Well, go on.' 'Please, sir, the young

woman as I kept company with has married the baker.' He told me the story: she had two strings to her bow, and when J. G. was taken up for forgery she married her other admirer. I need not repeat what I told him as to his giving his heart to a foolish, worldly girl. 'Well, sir, she used to go to meetings with me.' 'No doubt; and many a man goes to church or meetings to win a woman; and many a Christian woman marries such a man without his being a Christian at all, to her lifelong sorrow.' When we parted, I congratulated him sincerely on the goodness of the Lord in giving him only three months' imprisonment in place of a bad wife. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.

But the matter was not yet over. There was a civil suit by the bank for the fifty dollars. This was to be tried by a judge only, and I was told that he was the most learned in that circuit. The same evidence was gone over again. At its conclusion, the judge addressed the counsel for the plaintiff, the bank: 'Mr. —, in a criminal case, where the counsel for the prosecution makes a grand speech to the jury, the jury, carried away by his eloquence, and not understanding the laws of evidence, are easily led to give a verdict of 'guilty' against an innocent man; but, as a judge, having carefully considered this case, I can assure you that there is

not a particle of evidence against this man, and I must give the case against you.' The counsel for the bank looked as if he quite agreed in the judge's decision, and did not expect any other. J. G. kept his dollars, and I once more congratulated him on his merciful escape from the misery of a bad marriage. A few days after this I had to leave the garrison, and having said good-bye to some dear Christian friends, their door was opened for me by a butler who grinned from ear to ear. This was none other than J. G. Bidding him keep close to that Book which alone is man's sure guide, we parted. As I was leaving the grounds, I turned to look at that happy home. There was my friend, standing at the top of the steps of one of the best mansions in the city.

'The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.'

XII.

Pressing on.

‘ Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto JESUS, the author and finisher of faith.’—HEB. XII. 1.

Oh, let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee ;
Let nothing henceforth pain us
But that which paineth Thee :
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And glorify Thy name.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the year 1868 my regiment was ordered to Hong Kong. This move always gave promotion, and I was thereby offered my step as major. I had a dread of Hong Kong on account of its climate. I had seen some invalids of the 59th Regiment from China in 1857, and I remember at the time resolving that I would never go to Hong Kong if I could avoid it. On the score of health, and other considerations, I might have justified myself in declining to go there. I prayed for guidance as to leaving the army. Never did I spend such a night as that wherein I decided to retire from the service. But this was not the Lord's will, and I had no peace until I determined, come what might, to go to China. I felt that if I were to leave the regiment, now that it was ordered to Hong Kong, my fellow-soldiers would be able to say of me that I had professed to be their friend, and to teach them about Christ, in England, but that, now the regiment was ordered to a bad climate, I was afraid to trust in Him and go

with them. Thus dishonour would be brought to His holy name. This decided me to go. I committed myself to the Lord Jesus, only desiring that, happen what might, He would keep me faithful to Him. I never dreaded anything so much as the prospect of this service at Hong Kong; but I felt that the honour of His name was concerned in it, and I had faith given me to go, looking unto Him alone for grace and strength.

Very wonderfully did He provide for me. Instead of the crowding and rush of an overland steamer, He found me passage in the captain's cabin of a man-of-war. This happened in a remarkable way. I was in London for the last time. Before leaving, I was led to call on the widowed mother of an old friend.

'I am so sorry you have just missed my son; he has been appointed to a ship under orders for China.'

'I am ordered there too.'

'How I wish you could go together!'

I sat down and wrote him a note there and then. In a few days I was embarked in his ship, and on my way to Hong Kong. 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly,' is, like all God's Word, good counsel. I could not leave England without calling upon her, and thus the Lord opened for me this most pleasant means of travelling to China. My friend the captain had had a passage with me in my cabin

some years before. I found him at the Mauritius, with a foot very badly injured. The doctors feared the Red Sea passage for him. I was returning in a sailing vessel round the Cape, and I of course offered him my cabin, if he could come to terms with the master of the ship. Our friendship was formed during that voyage, and now he was glad to receive me as his guest into his cabin. One learns, in travelling about the world, that civility and kindness are amply recompensed.

A telegram from my friend started me off to Plymouth at three hours' notice. But I was quite ready, and my faith rose as soon as I found myself again going on foreign service. I wrote the following lines in the railway between Crewkerne and Exeter. They exactly expressed what were my thoughts on leaving home that day :

At Thy command, once more, O Lord;
I leave my native land ;
Once more, in humble faith and hope,
I take Thy loving hand.

'Tis peace indeed to lean on Thee,
To know no will but Thine,
To have Thy blessed Word as guide
To follow light divine.

I cannot leave those whom I love
Without a passing tear ;
But ever when my heart's most sad,
Thy gentle voice I hear.

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It bids me trust to Thee alone,
Myself, and those I love ;
To set affection not on earth,
But on the things above.

It was my earnest desire and prayer to live in the spirit of these lines, and to trust in the Lord, and follow His Word during every day of this foreign service.

The ship's company numbered, including officers and myself, the only passenger, five hundred and fifty souls. One-half were boys from the training ships for the China squadron, and crews for some of the ships on that station. It was a field prepared for sowing. He had already given me some experience with sailors, and I had the happiest recollection of moments spent with bluejackets over the Word of God. At the close of my last voyage from America to England, the day the ship arrived at Liverpool the first officer offered the men, who had been working very hard all day, a second glass of grog. 'No, thank you, sir,' was the reply he received. 'You know that when we embarked at Montreal there was not a man of us who would not have gone up to his armpits in rum, but there's been a gentleman among us this passage who has taught us *what's a deal better than grog.*' Blessed be God for a sailor's confession of the faith! 'Thy love is better than wine.' To know Christ as our Saviour is indeed a deal better than grog.

I prayed for guidance. After a few days His word came unto me. 'Be strong, and work, for I am with thee, saith the Lord of Hosts.' I asked my friend's leave to go among his men during the voyage. 'If they have no objection, I should be glad,' was his kind reply. I went round the messes, told the men I wished to visit them of an evening, and read the Book which was my best friend, if they would like me to do so. A very hearty welcome was their response. 'We would be much obliged if you would, sir.' I thanked God, and took courage. From that day, the 3d February, until the 4th June 1869, I visited my friends the blue-jackets daily, except when the ship was in harbour, and endeavoured to teach them the truths which were the delight and joy of my soul. My hour was from half-past six to eight in the evening. In the afternoon I visited the sick in hospital, and read the Word to them. The details of this voyage would make a book. Enough to state that He who sent me on board that ship blessed His Word by my lips to not a few, who have since been kept stedfast in the faith. When I remember the intense heat between decks, the noise of the machinery, and the strain on my voice to make myself heard by those around, I cannot but praise Him who gave me the physical strength day by day.

We touched at Madeira, where, I believe, the Lord

sent me with His saving name to a dying American sailor. Poor fellow, he was lying smashed, head and knee, by a fall from the mainyard of his ship. But 'Jesus' is a name which has salvation in it, and I believe that the few seconds I had to tell the man of Him were enough, and that we shall meet in glory. We also visited Cape Town, Singapore, and Labuan, at each of which places I found an open door for testimony—at Labuan to some poor Scotch miners.

Very happy are my recollections of that voyage. The affection which many of the bluejackets have for the ship is wonderful. 'It was a good day I ever shipped in her.' 'I thank God the dear old — was ever built.' None of them, however, are more thankful than I am: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

A year or more after the voyage, I met a man-of-war's-man at Singapore. He touched his cap, 'Very glad to see you, sir.' I thanked him, remembering that we made the voyage to China together. 'You were not then a believer in Christ, my friend,' I added. 'No, sir,' he said; 'but do you remember the night of that terrible gale off St. Paul's? I was lying in my hammock in fear and trembling when I saw you come down to read the gospel to the men. I could not hear a word you said, but I could see your face, and I watched you the whole time. I saw your bright, happy smile just the same as ever. I

said to myself, "Here am I, an old sailor, many years at sea, and I am afraid now in this gale; and here's a landsman as happy as if he were ashore." I felt that you had what I had not; I felt that you had, what I had heard you say you had, forgiveness of sins and eternal life. I prayed that night. Ever afterwards I came near you when you were reading, and when I left the ship I was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Well did I remember the gale. I went below that night because I thought that, if I did not go among them, the men would imagine that I was afraid, and I thought I might cheer them. 'The Word of God is the same in a storm as in a calm, men; it always does us good,' was my opening remark. I sat on a mess-table as usual, 'hanging on' to a rope. I enjoyed that evening as much as any. Little did I then think what the Lord had done by making His joy and peace shine in my face. He is wonderful in counsel.

I cannot omit to notice the happy Sunday evenings. I sat in the bow of the ship, on the foremost pivot gun, and the bluejackets sat round me. What a sight it was! I read from my Bible, and spoke to them of Him who walked the sea and calmed the storm, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin. The sun sank beneath the horizon as we sat there; and when the stars had come out, we sang 'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,' and parted. The sound

of praise that floated away over the sea was, I hope, also a tribute of worship which ascended to the throne of God. We shall know all about these things in 'a little while.'

Often since this voyage letters from my old ship-mates have come to me in moments of trial, cheering and helping me. I had committed myself to the Lord Jesus, desiring only to serve Him, and He had given me this opportunity of so doing. I felt it to be an assurance of His guidance and presence; and when I arrived at Hong Kong, my heart was rejoicing in God more than it had ever done before. Henceforth I could not doubt His care and love. May I never do so! Oh that, dear reader, in every time of trial and anxiety, we might hear the voice of the Lord Jesus saying unto us, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me!'

XIII.

Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall
give thee the desires of thine heart.

‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and
all these things shall be added unto you.’—MATT. VI. 33.

Countless years may roll away,
Yet God's Word can ne'er decay ;
Every promise He has given
Stands more sure than earth or heaven.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS sure promise, which follows the command to 'trust in the Lord and do good,' has had its fulfilment to every one who has striven by faith in God to benefit his fellow-men. It is a simple history of the lives of every man and woman who, trusting His power and delighting in Him, have sought His glory and the good of others. Various and mysterious as are the Lord's dealings with His people, it will be surely found, when they gather hereafter in His kingdom, that during the days of their earthly pilgrimage He did fulfil the desires of their heart. To very many the way in which they left this earth for His presence was the means used. They desired to glorify Him, and advance His kingdom, and He shed a halo round their last days and hours which has given Him glory ever since, and made them His witnesses to after generations. Who can tell how fully, in the deaths of Gardiner the soldier and Gardiner the sailor, of Brainerd, of Vicars, and hundreds of others, the desires of their hearts have been

fulfilled in the blessing and encouragement their memory has been to thousands?

But not only in this way is this sure promise, 'He shall give thee the desire of thine heart,' fulfilled. There are many proofs of God's faithfulness to His word around us. What is the Orphanage at Bristol? What is the Home in Spitalfields? What is the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park? What is the Tabernacle, where one man has preached God's Word to thousands? What are the numerous blessed mission works in London, New York, and in all parts of the world, but the fulfilment of God's assurance to His servants, who have delighted in Him, that He would fulfil the desires of their hearts? Let them only wait in faith until the glory, and they will then be surprised at the abundant fulfilment of those desires.

It is only natural that the desires of our hearts should be in accordance with our callings and circumstances. The Lord deals in providence as in nature. All things serve Him. We men make a distinction between one man's position and another. Man separates between things secular and sacred; but God does nothing of the sort. 'Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart' (1 Sam. xvi. 7). Many Christians think that a soldier cannot be a Christian; but God did not think so when he chose Cornelius to be the first

Gentile to receive the forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. 'I perceive,' said Peter, 'that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation'—yes, and in every position—'he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him' (*Acts* x. 34, 35).

The desires of my heart were naturally those of a soldier, and very wonderfully were they fulfilled. It was principally to set forth the faithfulness of the Lord to me in these matters that I purposed writing this book. To enumerate the hundred ways in which He has given me the desires of my heart since by His grace He led me to delight myself in Him, would take more time than I can give to this work. I have already recorded many; for what were the openings He gave me during those voyages, and His blessing in my intercourse with comrades, but fulfilments of my earnest desire to serve Him, and lead souls to believe in Christ? Those I have yet to record were so unusual, and were so marvellously brought about, that they are worthy of separate notice.

Before, however, proceeding to detail them, I must not forget that not only did my heavenly Father give me the blessed privilege of being a witness for Him on board one man-of-war; He had yet prepared another opening for me. Truly He gives us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.

He brought me to Hong Kong, where I found the headquarters of my regiment. This was in the month of June, when the heat at that place is most oppressive. But a wing of my regiment had been sent to Singapore, where I found it on my way to China. After a few days at Hong Kong, it was my duty to go down to Singapore, to take command of the portion of my regiment there. Thus He delivered me out of my fears, for I knew that I could not live at Hong Kong during the summer. Worn out with hard work day by day during the voyage out, I had no strength to meet that trying climate. I hardly slept at all during the short time I was at Hong Kong. Once again it was my happiness to find myself on board a man-of-war, and among bluejackets. The captain of a ship ordered to England, and to touch at Singapore, kindly offered to take me in his cabin. Most thankful was I for so speedy and pleasant a means of going to my appointed post, and I prayed earnestly that it might be another door of utterance to me for the precious glad tidings of forgiveness of sins. My prayers were answered. The captain, like my other dear friend, had no objection to my visiting his men; and as soon as I had recovered strength enough to go among them, I found myself surrounded by British sailors, and had the delight of telling to a new audience the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The Lord gave me good reason to believe, before I left that ship, that He sent me there, and that He had opened more than one heart to attend to the things that were spoken. I was walking on deck one morning before breakfast, while the deck-cleaning was going on. A sailor passed me with a smile on his face, touching his cap, and saying, 'Good morning, sir.' 'Good morning, my friend,' was my reply. After noticing the glory of God's works around us, I asked him whether he had been listening to His Word since I came on board. I shall never forget the light which burst on that man's face as he said, 'Yes, sir, indeed I have, thank God! I was the biggest blackguard on this ship, sir, and any man will tell you the same. But, thank God! that's all at an end. It was the night you talked to us of the pearl of great price. Oh, sir, I have found that pearl! I have found it!' His face was radiant with delight, and I could not doubt but that he had indeed, by God's mercy, been led to Him who has power now on earth to forgive sins. It was not, however, such assurances as these, delightful as they are to hear, especially when an experience in dealing with men leads one to believe they are the result of God's work in the heart, which made me believe my visit in that ship was blessed. God's Word was taught there, and it is the entrance of His Word which gives light. His Word is light, and life, and truth.

Man may trust it, even when he cannot understand it, *for it is God's sure Word*, which cannot lie, and cannot pass away. All His promises are certain of fulfilment. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

I felt quite sorry when I had once more to leave my friends the bluejackets. I had learned to love and respect our men-of-war's-men as much as my fellow-soldiers. Few officers ever spent so much time among sailors as I did during those voyages from England to China and back to Singapore. My intimate acquaintance with soldiers made my intercourse with sailors easy. I hope they retain as pleasant remembrances of me as I do of them. But above all, I pray that many of both those ships will join me aloft in praising Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

XIV.

The first Desire, and how it was fulfilled.

'In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'—PROV. III. 6.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
Which makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty !

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM the time that God in His mercy led me to believe His Word, my whole heart was set on trying to glorify Him in the army. My desires were all to this end; and when our desires are in accordance with His will, we may leave them to Him to fulfil according to His infinite power and wisdom.

Often and often, when riding or walking alone, I had thought, 'How I should like to be in command of a body of our men in some desolate island or solitary place, where there was nothing comfortable, and everything for the men's comfort depended on me! How I should like to show them what a Christian commanding officer could do! I would let them see, by God's grace, that a Christian can work as well as any other man.' This desire had recurred again and again in my mind, and various were the plans I had formed for certain contingencies.

The island of Singapore was the place in which this desire was to be fulfilled. Thither in His own time He led me. I found, on my arrival

there, that the men of my regiment were in a state of the utmost discomfort. The barracks were only recently occupied, and had been built in the centre of a tropical jungle. The vegetation was luxuriant enough all round ; but as it swarmed with cobras, rats, frogs, and mosquitoes up to within a few feet of the very doors of their barrack-rooms, it can be believed that there was not much comfort. The rats ate the men's things ; the snakes came into barracks ; the frogs croaked all night ; the mosquitoes gave them no sleep. This is no exaggeration. Men who have lived in barracks under such circumstances know how true this sketch is. Add to this, intense heat,—Singapore being within a few miles of the equator,—and the reader can picture to himself the condition of things. There was no clear space for out-door games ; and a small parade-ground, and the high roads, with jungle on either side, were the only places for exercise. My brother major had done his best to find amusement for the men, and had got such things as he could procure in Singapore, and had opened a recreation-room. But this could not, of course, obviate the discomfort of the barracks ; and the heat, and sleepless nights, and no out-door recreation, caused a crowded canteen, and a great deal of drunkenness. When men do not know better, and have no higher source of power against misery, they will drink.

Such was the state of things when I was put in command in those barracks. I saw the great need of some earnest and decisive measures to check the drunkenness, by rendering the men more comfortable ; but the obstacles appeared insurmountable. There was one resource for me, before which all difficulties vanish, and that was prayer. I felt that I was responsible, alike to God and to my country, for the lives of these men ; and that, unless something was done, many of them would perish by drink, and others would commit fearful crimes. I had studied the history of courts martial, and I knew what things men have done in India under similar circumstances, simply to escape, by means of transportation, from such a state of misery. I remembered Solomon's prayer for wisdom, and I opened my Bible, and earnestly did I pray it: 'Now, O Lord God, let Thy promise be established; for Thou hast made me . . . Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge?' (2 Chron. i. 9, 10).

The Tanglin Barracks, at Singapore, are situated on two high plateaux, on one of which stand nine bungalows, the same size as those in the frontispiece, and on the other two more, forming the hospital. These large buildings, built to allow a free circulation of air between them, covered a large extent of

ground. To clear the jungle all round them to a sufficient distance was no easy matter. It is one thing to cut down cover in England, another to clear jungle on the equator. Any encroachment on nature there is vigorously defended by the red ant. When any one has had half-a-dozen of these down his back, he does not care for more. This rendered it impracticable for me to employ my fellow-soldiers in clearing the jungle. Moreover, the constant heavy tropical showers make vegetation so rapid, that unless every shrub is not only cut down but rooted up, the jungle will grow again as strong as ever in a few months. There was another difficulty: the barracks were thatched, and there was a certain danger in burning the jungle within a few feet of those large roofs.

I rode round the barracks day by day, after my arrival, thinking. On one occasion I saw a large black cobra, which had been killed in a barrack-room in the morning. I had prayed to God; and I felt it to be my duty, for my men's sake, to work, leaving the result in His hands. The jungle must be cleared.

The first beginning was that part which forms the garden, between the barracks and the cricket-ground, in the frontispiece. It was then jungle, so high that, standing in the road at the bottom of the path, you could not see the bungalow above it. I wanted

to make a short cut for those on duty between the main road and the guard and orderly rooms. This was begun by the defaulters,—men under punishment; but finding that they were annoyed by the red ant, I determined to employ native labour, and sent my own gardener and a coolie to cut down the remainder.

The wonderful change the clearing of this bit made in the appearance of the barracks,—removing gloom, and letting in light,—and the interest which the men took in this first beginning, encouraged me to go on. Happily for my men, the officer commanding the troops at Singapore took a deep interest in the British soldier, and when I told him my plans for their comfort, at once offered to help me, out of a public fund at his disposal for the improvement of Government property. With this help, with some assistance from the canteen fund, and giving the men the services of my Malay gardener and coolie, I determined to work in earnest. I issued an order that men who were willing to work for the public benefit and for the improvement of Government property should be excused all parades, except commanding officer's parade once a week; names to be sent into the orderly room. I had the willing consent of the whole detachment—400 men. I obtained pickaxes, spades, wheelbarrows, and grass knives from the Commissariat. Then I put the

eight Malay coolies under my gardener,—a very intelligent man, who was not a little proud of his authority,—and gave him my directions as to the clearing of the jungle. As fast as it was cut down by the Malays the British soldiers gathered it, and then, with the pickaxes, they dug up the roots. I had four companies, and I generally worked two at a time in different places.

I was one day going round the barracks on duty, not long after the first clearing had been made, when I halted outside a barrack-room which stands above the cricket-ground. Looking down upon what was then thick jungle between me and the canteen, I said to my serjeant-major: 'Serjeant-major, what a capital place this would make for a cricket-ground! I'm an old cricketer; I used to be very fond of cricket. I'll tell you what it is, we'll make a cricket-ground. It would be good amusement for the men.' I looked at my friend's face. There was a very placid smile upon it; and while he stood strictly at attention, he looked at me, as much as to say, 'If you had the whole army here, you would not do it.' Within six months of that time the jungle was gone, and there, in its place, was a cricket-ground, having a turfed level ninety yards long, forty wide, and this level having been made in the slope of a hill! How often, after it was finished, as I rode or walked up to the hospital to talk to some sick

comrade, have I seen the slopes of the barracks covered with men, watching their comrades at play; and how I have lifted up my heart in thanks and praise to God, who gave me the wisdom, energy, and faith in Him to attempt and carry out such an undertaking!

The making of this cricket-ground was a work of very great labour. The cutting of the jungle and rooting up the trees was the least part of it. Day by day I committed my work to God in prayer, and I felt sure that He would bring it through. I should otherwise have suffered a great deal of anxiety. It was wonderful how He guided and strengthened me. I knew nothing of engineering, and yet here I was making a level in a slope without either knowledge or instrument. I never thought about this until it was finished. Morning and evening I was the first at the work, the last to leave it. I gave the men sometimes a day off, sometimes a morning or evening, but with every party I worked. God gave me the strength for it, for I often felt ready to drop. The physical exertion and the heat of the sun, under which I often stood, though I did not allow the men to remain under it, sometimes nearly exhausted me.

When the jungle was cleared, it had to be burned. On this occasion, after it was fired a breeze sprung up, and drove the flames down towards a little thatched building near the canteen. I saw the

flames almost touching it, and high over it. If that building caught, the canteen would go too, and then, if the wind increased, the barracks! I had ordered the bugler to sound the assembly, and then I prayed, 'Lord, change the wind.' Instantly,—it was a marvellous sight!—the wind changed and turned the flame right round.

When the jungle was cleared, there was a large hole to be filled at the foot of the slope in order to make a level. This was done by cutting large sods, and handing them down from man to man. I laid almost every one with my own hands. Then there was making the level. The British soldier worked morning and evening, the Malays midday, using the wheelbarrows as well as navvies. The level finished, there was one thing more wanted for a good cricket-ground—good turf. This I had discovered about half a mile from the barracks, when carrying out the Queen's Regulations, that officers are to make themselves acquainted with all the roads in the vicinity of their barracks,—a most wise and necessary order. Every morning after work I would ride out for half an hour, following the roads away from the barracks. In so doing I found some beautiful turf, the only real turf I saw in Singapore. It belonged to an old Chinese gentleman, who very kindly gave it to me for the cricket-ground. This turf was brought to barracks by carts; but the larger

quantity of the turf for the sides of the ground was cut in different places round the barracks, and drawn by the men in hand-carts with fife and drum. So many loads formed a day's task. Often they would finish their work before breakfast.

Last of all there was the rolling of the ground. This was done by means of a large Government roller, which had been used with bullocks for the parade-ground. My men soon got it on to the cricket-ground, and a company at a time rolled it along to the fife and drum. Thus this work was complete. 'No one but you ever thought it would be finished,' was the remark one of my brother officers made to me. Except the Lord had put it into my heart, and given me the wisdom, I should never have done it. It had been a great pleasure to me working with the men, especially as the occupation of their minds and bodies had done their whole *morale* a great deal of good. They all looked much healthier and brighter. The number of cases of drunkenness for the six weeks preceding the commencement of the work had been ninety-two; for the six weeks after it had commenced, *fifteen*, in four hundred men.

This cricket-ground was only a part of the work. We afterwards cleared a space twice as large, and made three more practice - grounds. The whole barracks were surrounded with flower-gardens. The

laying out and arranging these was a delightful relaxation for me. Then, on the other side of the barracks we built a gymnasium, with a large flight of steps to it. The steps in the garden in the frontispiece were made by my men. It certainly was a very great change; and when it was all finished, I felt that the Lord had given me the desire of my heart in that particular. He had given me command of a body of British soldiers, and by His blessing and guidance He had enabled me to do as much as any man could do for their comfort.

The men themselves took very great interest in their gardens, which were a constant source of occupation for them. The once gloomy barracks were now brilliant with colour. The flowers and shrubs by which they were adorned were those which I have since seen in conservatories and hot-houses in England. The stately scarlet *dracona* flourished luxuriantly; the *Alamanda Scholli* strove to light up the very gardens with its large golden flowers; and the red, white, and yellow laurel retained their beauty, as did the others, all the year round. Balsams blossomed everywhere, and sowed themselves. There were beds of roses, and of many flowering tropical shrubs, the names of which I know not. Summer never ends at Singapore, and flowers bloom in January as in July.

Officers of the American, French, and Austrian

navies, who came to call on us, were much struck by the appearance of the barracks, and could hardly believe that the British soldier had been able in such a climate to do such work.

Not only the body of men who were then serving under me reaped the benefit of these labours. The other wing of the regiment was afterwards sent down from Hong Kong, and I could not help thanking God that He had enabled me to make the barracks so comfortable for them. Two other regiments have since then been quartered in these barracks.



XV.

The Second Desire, and how this was fulfilled.

'I will declare Thy name unto my brethren.'—Ps. xxii. 22.

For myself, one thing
Do I desire of God, and it is this :

.
That I may never be ashamed to own
Christ as my Saviour, God, and all ;
But by my life and conversation lead
Some of my fellow-men to trust in Him.
If this He grant, welcome the sultry heat
Of tropic climes—the weakened, fevered pulse !
Welcome reproach, misunderstanding, shame !

Written during the voyage to China.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM the time that, by God's grace, I began to work for Him among my fellow-soldiers, I had a very earnest hope that some day I might find myself in command of British soldiers where I might have the great privilege of preaching the glad tidings of salvation to them.

When I arrived at Singapore, I found that there was no chaplain for the soldiers of the Church of England in my regiment. The colonial chaplain was in feeble health, and only able to perform the services in the town, three miles distant from our barracks. There was no regular military chaplain for the station. Thus the inestimable privilege of reading God's Word to my men, and telling them of the love and power to save of the Lord Jesus Christ, devolved upon me as commanding officer. If it was a happiness and a source of thankfulness to me to be allowed to attend to my men's bodily needs, and look after their temporal comfort, how great was my joy and delight to be able to tell them of Him

who loved them, and gave Himself for them ! The Lord gave me this privilege during nearly the whole of the *two years and a quarter* I was in command in those barracks ; thus fulfilling my second desire.

In the absence of the chaplain, it is the duty of a commanding officer to read the service. On Sunday, therefore, the men off duty paraded in the verandah of the schoolroom bungalow. I always went down the ranks on Sunday morning, to see how the men looked in health ; and many a time I have sent men off to lie down on their beds, in whose faces I saw the signs of fever or ague. After they were seated in the schoolroom, I read the service. The men sang, and very heartily too. The hymn-book we used was one I compiled in 1863. After the service, which was shortened by avoiding all repetitions, and omitting the communion part, I spoke to my dear comrades, for about ten minutes or quarter of an hour, as simply as I possibly could. Then followed a short extempore prayer, in which I always prayed that all who had then heard of the love of God, and of the forgiveness of sins through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, might be led by God's Spirit to believe, that we might hereafter share together God's everlasting glory. The hearty 'amen' which always followed this prayer made me believe that many did earnestly desire that blessing. I do indeed hope to meet very many in that glory.

As the colonel of my regiment did not wish me to use my own words to the men, and his wish was, of course, my command, I used a book, *Truth in Christ*, by the Rev. F. Whitfield. This book had been given me by a dear Christian friend, a general officer, and I had kept it always on my table, hoping that the title would attract some of my brother officers. I took a page or two out of this book for my sermon, prefacing it, altering it, and concluding it as was necessary. This restriction, far from being a hindrance, was a blessing, for I should not have had the strength to do this work while the cricket-ground was going on, if I had had to prepare all that I wished to say.

We had a very good schoolmaster, a corporal in my regiment, who took great interest in the children. With his help I got up a very good Sunday school. All the married people sent their children; and it was a bright, happy sight, on a Sunday afternoon, to see the dear little ones gathered together, and to hear them sing their hymns. What a blessing those children were to me! Often and often, when weary and worn out with work on the cricket-ground, followed by perhaps two hours' painful inquiry into some troubles, and other work, I have gone into the schoolroom. 'Now, darlings, give me my text.' The dear little things would at once begin, '*Blessed is the man that trusteth in the*

Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.' How much I could write about them! It was my pleasure, and that of my good schoolmaster, to try and teach them about the Lord Jesus. After the regiment had moved to Africa, one of the little boys, when at play one morning, gathered his playmates round him and said, 'I should like to go to heaven; the sun won't burn me there as it does here.' Dear little fellow, he went there four days afterwards. He delighted in the Lord, and He gave him the desire of his heart.

My Sunday morning's work was the service; my afternoons commenced with a reading to the sick in hospital, at two P.M. Then the Sunday school, and a class for married women, which was continued for more than a year; then the Presbyterian service, which I attended with several of my men. A dear friend of mine, a missionary, conducted this during the best part of the time: he would not take any pay from the Government, but he will get his reward by-and-by. I believe his preaching has been blessed to not a few of those who heard him. Following this, for the last year, I had the great pleasure of spending my evenings at the Chinese girls' school. Here a dear Christian friend always made me welcome, and in this bright and blessed home I used to refresh myself after the work of the day, and gain strength

for the coming week. The Christian girls in this school, well taught in God's Word, enjoyed studying it, and we went through the book of Revelation and other portions together on those happy Sunday evenings. A walk home, alone with God, concluded what was always a most blessed day.

During the week, I had a reading in barracks of God's Word. To this any men who would come were welcome. I thank God that some did come, and these have since blessed Him that they went to Singapore. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light.' This meeting was held on Wednesday. On Friday there was a meeting of Christians in the town of Singapore. My dear friend the missionary expounded the Scriptures; and so much was his teaching valued, that I have seen my men come in wet through, having walked three miles in pouring rain to hear the word. Those little gatherings at Bethesda will never be forgotten by us. It was a six-mile walk, but it did us good; and I never enjoyed more the conscious presence of the Lord than I have walking home, tired and alone, at night on that road.

There was a monthly missionary meeting at the Malay chapel, and other meetings, which were means of refreshment to me and my fellow-soldiers.

I had cause for happiness in my regimental school here. Thanks to the schoolmaster, a good many

men were much helped in their education. When I took command, there were nearly one hundred men who could not read and write. When I sent the wing on to Hong Kong there were not twenty. There were no school materials supplied by Government, but some of the men paid for their copy-books, and I found the rest of the things. Education is too precious a blessing to be denied men when it can be given them; and this quiet spot was too good an opportunity to be thrown away unimproved.

But the experienced Christian will know that such simple efforts to do good and to lead souls to God could not be allowed to go on without opposition from the Evil One. There is no need here to detail the various means he used to trouble and annoy me. Suffice it to say, that until then I had no idea of his persistent malice and enmity. I almost tremble now when I remember what I went through; but I also rejoice. Terrible as his devices were, the Lord gave me very plain assurance in each that He was with me, and that greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world. In the case of most of those whom he used as his instruments of pain and sorrow to me, I have no doubt but that the Lord Jesus will glorify Himself as fully as He did in the salvation of one poor woman whom Satan *led astray*. I was obliged to send her away from the

regiment for misconduct. Where could she go? There was only one heart in England I knew full enough of the love of Christ to receive such a one. To her I commended this poor outcast, telling her the whole story. She was received, and helped to earn an honest living. After my return to England I saw her, and told her of the Saviour. From my dear friend and others she also heard of Him. I was with her at her death-bed, and I have not the least doubt but that she is one who has washed her robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. It is a marvellous story of the grace of God.

I have not referred to the women of my regiment, who formed an important part of the charge committed to me by my country and my God. It was a source of no small anxiety how to do them good. By the rules of the service, women with young children are not expected to attend public worship. Thus, unless visited in their rooms, they never hear God's Word in places where there are no mothers' meetings. There were, unhappily, two very bad women among those under my charge; and as I did not feel justified in exposing myself to their tongues more than necessary, I did not think it right to visit the others. It was my earnest desire to gather them all together, if I could; but there were many objections to my so doing. At length I heard that the married people were finding it difficult to clothe

their children, on account of the expenses of the place. Not being able to find any lady who could conduct a mothers' meeting, I determined to do it myself. How I thanked God afterwards that I did so! Three of them have since been called away, and I have good hope that each of them is with the Lord. I gave over these mothers' meetings on the arrival in Singapore of the dear friend who had the oversight of the Chinese girls' school, and her visits to the women of my regiment will not soon be forgotten by them.

It is the Lord's wont abundantly to fulfil His children's desires; certainly He did so to me. Not only did He give me this service for Him with one wing of my regiment, but the wings were subsequently changed, so that I had the privilege of proclaiming the gospel to the men of the other wing. There went up to Hong Kong from Singapore a small band of faithful Christians. Earnestly were they commended to the grace of God: He has kept them. At first they were able to meet in a little room they hired in Hong Kong; but this was taken from them, and they then met on the rocks above the barracks, and there praised the Lord!

I forgot to note that one of the first things I did on taking command was to allot a room in the barracks for the Protestant soldiers, and another for

their Roman Catholic comrades, for private prayer and reading of God's Word. To each room I gave a lamp and light. On each side of the pedestal of each lamp were the words, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER.' This was the Lord's command; and as far as those who used these rooms were concerned, I believe this message had the effect I desired, and that His command was obeyed. There was thus much real love between men who differed on the subject of religion. My intercourse with the good Roman Catholic soldiers was very pleasant. They always had a smile for me when we met.

It was my joy to see during these two years the power of the Holy Spirit, as I had never seen it before among soldiers. If Satan worked,—and he did,—the Holy Spirit worked also. Among my guests there came the Bishop of Borneo. He gave the men a service, and at our request announced a commemoration of the Lord's death for the following Sunday. I felt that this would be a test of the extent to which the Word had influenced those who professed to believe in the Lord Jesus among my men. Some among them were Presbyterians. Would these come to the Lord's table with us, as one body in Him? I said nothing. When the time came, to my great joy all our little band assembled, and together we remembered His death in whom—now risen and glorified—we believed. It was a very

happy and blessed occasion to me. I can never recall it without thanking and praising God.

Few can understand the nature of the tie which exists between the Christian officers and soldiers of our army. Nothing could have been more manly or honourable than the behaviour of my men towards me. They knew and respected my position. We never spoke on regimental matters, and very little except when we met over God's Word. I never found that this happy intercourse was any hindrance to an upright discharge of duty. Those who maintain that such sympathy between an officer and his men is prejudicial to discipline are entirely ignorant of the question. Such objection must, however, be expected from those who do not know the truth. Thus the Lord in this very wonderful way fulfilled the second desire of my heart: He made me for more than two years His servant to my regiment. I cannot but praise and bless Him now whenever I remember it. It was a time of great anxiety and trial, but also of much joy. The trials are all gone now; the joys will increase with eternity.

What delight I had during those two years in the study of His Word! I often gave five hours a day to it. I commenced the first line of Genesis when I left England, and I went on over every line, annotating page by page. It was this that gave me strength for my work. Nothing but the thorough rest and

refreshment which the soul of man gets in the quiet study of God's Word could have sustained me in the severe physical labour I had at this station on the equator. Working hard as I did all six days, and still harder on the seventh, I should have been soon completely worn out, if it had not been for the continual renewal of strength which man obtains in the study of God's Word. He giveth power to the faint, and to those who have no might He increaseth strength.

I could not, perhaps, better express the state of joyful communion with the Lord in which I lived during these years, than in copying a few lines I wrote one morning before going down to barracks on duty. They flowed out of my heart faster than I could write them. I find they are dated November 23, 1869, 7 A.M.:—

My life is hid with Christ in God ;

How safe, how blest am I !

For me to live 'tis therefore Christ,

And therefore gain to die.

I would not change this blessed state,

The gift of freest grace,

For all the world could offer me,

Of glory, wealth, or place.

I would not give the Christian's hope

For everything on earth :

In Christ I am a son of God,

A king and priest by birth !

138 THE SECOND DESIRE : HOW THIS WAS FULFILLED.

How great His love who honours thus
A sinful child of man !
Eternity will be too short
To tell Redemption's plan.

O ye that have no hope in God,
Why do ye doubt His love ?
His Son has bought you by His blood ;
He pleads for you above.

Why do ye cast away the grace
To all who take it given ?
Christ calls you, ' Come thou, come to ME !
I'll bring thee safe to heaven. '

Oh, come to Him, and you will find
In Him unceasing measure
Of joy and peace ! His yoke *is* sweet,
His love life's highest pleasure.

XVI.

The Third Desire, and how that was fulfilled.

‘Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.’—1 COR. x. 31.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side :
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no more delightful study to the enlightened soul of a child of God than His governance of the universe. It is impossible for any but His children to understand anything about what is commonly called providence. They observe His ways on earth, His dealings with men and with themselves; and they know the truth of His Word, that His mercy is over all His works. These things are hid from the wise and prudent. They would tie the Almighty down to what they call natural laws, and regulate for Him whose ways are past finding out. His dealings with men baffle alike the wisdom of the philosopher and the shallow reasonings of the sceptic. But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and that put their trust in Him before the sons of men.

What views He gives us of His own majesty, and of man's nothingness before Him, in His Holy Word! 'To whom will ye liken God? . . . It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers' (Isa. xl. 18, 22). Yes ;

His Word is true. 'It is not in man that walketh to direct His steps' (Jer. x. 23). It is the empty boast of the infidel that he is his own master; for, as the Scriptures say, 'They speak loftily: they set their mouth in heaven, and their tongue walketh through the earth' (Ps. lxxiii. 8, 9). But he only draws his breath, from moment to moment, on the sufferance of the God he denies. When His long-suffering ceases, he will too late discover how thoroughly he was deceived by Satan.

It is the joy of the Christian that he is watched over by the Father of Mercies. Therefore, when the order came, moving my regiment from China and Singapore to South Africa, I felt sure that it was well and wisely ordered for my good. I thanked God for the quiet home and happy service He had given me in that lovely island; but I left it without a regret, save the parting from a few beloved Christian friends. Their fellowship and love had been a great blessing to me. Those of my own country I might hope to meet again on earth, but my dear Chinese brethren and sisters I could not expect again to see until we should meet in glory. This blessed hope—nay, assurance—lifted our hearts, at parting, to Him from whom we had received life eternal.

After a pleasant voyage in one of the large troopships, we arrived in October 1871 off East London,

a small town at the mouth of the Buffalo river, South Africa. Here orders awaited us, directing that the wing of the regiment which had been longest at Hong Kong should be landed and marched to King William's Town; the other, with headquarters, to proceed to Natal. Thus the Lord had again provided occupation for me. I was directed to command the wing ordered to King William's Town, and landed with it next day.

The third desire I had had, as a soldier wishing to glorify God in my profession, was that I might be placed in command of a body of men in a position of great danger to them, out of which the Lord would enable me to deliver them. I had always associated this thought with war, — a dangerous picquet, the attack of an outpost, the defence of a position. These things had often occurred to my mind as means by which I might bring glory to God. In riding alone, my eyes would run along a position; and I would think, how could I attack or defend it, or how catch an enemy in flank? I am rather amused now at these thoughts, but they were only natural to a soldier.

The Lord gave me the desire of my heart, according to His wisdom and love, not in war, which I have always hated, but in peace. As soon as my men were landed we went into camp. Hardly had the ship with our comrades disappeared on the

horizon, when a regular south-easter set in. That evening it began to rain at sundown. I did not care to get wet through for a dinner, so I sat in my tent. The Lord had made the kind captain of the man-of-war insist on my taking, as a present from him, a flask of brandy and a pocketful of cigars, saying, 'You may find them useful.' So pressing was his kindness, that although I had entirely ceased to use such things, I felt it must be of the Lord, and I took them. I had had nothing to eat since early morn, and every soldier knows that the first day's work on landing is generally the most trying. My sergeant-major kindly brought me a crust of bread, my quartermaster-sergeant some butter. I mixed a little brandy in some water, and it refreshed me very much; a cigar afterwards, and I had had more than a royal banquet. As I sat in my tent I lifted up my heart in praise, saying, 'The Lord careth for me.'

Next day it came on to rain again in the afternoon, and then it continued to rain for some days. We had landed on the Tuesday. During Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it rained harder and harder. The men under my command had been two years at Hong Kong. Many of them had been in hospital several times with ague. Each day I prayed the Lord to have mercy on them, and not to allow the rain to harm them. I knew that if they got thoroughly soaked, and had to lie in water with no

change, it would bring disease and death to many of them. The more it rained, the more earnestly did I each day pray. The Lord answers prayer in more ways than one. He either does directly what we ask, or He makes man His instrument for performing His will and answering prayer, or else in some other way He fulfils His word, which cannot be broken, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' On Saturday the camp was a complete swamp. There was a pool of water in my own tent, and most of the others were in much the same way. Very earnestly did I pray for deliverance for my men. I felt sure it would come. After breakfast, the Lord led me to determine to go down to the village and seek shelter for them. Having prayed for His guidance, I asked the control officer to accompany me, which he was most willing to do, and we went together to the village. We inquired for empty stores, and were not long in hearing of one. I had asked the Lord to open the hearts of any who might have buildings available to lend them. The first person I asked offered his most willingly. 'I will show you it, sir; and if it will do, you are most welcome. We have been thinking how those poor fellows must feel it in camp after China.' It was a large store, which on a pinch would hold three hundred men comfortably. I thanked him much. The next building of which we heard was a large, showy, empty house. 'Yoo

can have it, sir; but the wall is hardly safe, and if it comes on to blow harder, it will likely fall in.' I examined the house; it was clean and comfortable enough inside, but the wall looked unsafe. 'Thank you, my friend; I have learned in soldiering to take kind advice. I will not put my men in there.' We soon heard of another old wooden house. The owner, who was very ill in bed, received me most kindly, and willingly lent it. I found it would hold a hundred men. With a light and thankful heart I returned to camp. The bugle sounded 'Come for orders.' It was like an electric shock. The camp was instantly alive, wet and cold forgotten. 'Parade at two in marching order; great-coats, and blankets, and a complete change in the pack. Kits to be put in store tents. Curtains of tents to be raised, and ropes loosened.' The sick had been put into a house close to the camp, and the women and children into an old convict shed. Leaving a guard for the empty camp, we abandoned it. I could not help thinking it was like a disastrous retreat, as, in pouring rain, we marched, or rather slid, across the plain which separated us from the friendly little town. Thank God, it was very different!

Hardly had I got the companies into their new quarters, and the officers in the little hotel, when the storm came on with increased violence, and the rain fell in torrents. This continued all night. Next

morning the wall had fallen in. What a sermon to those who trust the insecurity of man's edifices for the salvation of the soul, instead of to God's revealed Word and to the precious blood of Christ! A ship was wrecked a few miles from us. The guard which came down from camp reported that *the inside of the tents, and the whole camp, was ankle-deep in water.* How I thanked God for having delivered my men out of so great danger, and for having used me as His instrument in so doing! 'I have never seen such weather as this for twenty years, sir,' was the harbour-master's remark when I went to visit him.

That day was Sunday. I read a short service and some portions of God's Word to my men, and a dear little girl preached in the evening to my brother officers. She was very fond of coming into the room where they sat, and at dinner began: 'Now, I'll tell you something my dear mother has been telling me.' 'Tell us, tell us,' they all said. 'She has been telling me about Daniel, who was cast into the den of lions. Daniel was a good man, and he was cast into a den of lions; and the lions did not touch him, because Daniel was a good man, and prayed to God.' Truly it is written of such, 'Out of their mouths Thou hast perfected praise.'

The next day was very fine. The storm was over, and the sun came out. The ground and our things soon dried. On the following day, having had all the

tents opened towards the sun, to dry the inside, I marched the men back to camp. We commenced our journey to King William's Town next day. I hoped that we should have fine weather; but I was yet to have one more trial of faith. I was awoke the morning after our first halt by the sound of rain on my tent. I knew well what this meant: a wet march of more than twenty miles, wet camping-ground, wet tents; and my men would suffer as much as if I had kept them in camp at East London. But I knew also in whom I believed, and that He was able. The word of the Lord came to me at once: 'Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not.' I got up, threw my cloak over my shoulders, and began my prayer, saying: 'Where is the Lord God of Elijah? O Lord, hear!' And then I prayed that, as He had before delivered my men, He would yet do so again, and cause the rain to cease. I had hardly finished my prayer when an officer in the next tent shouted to his servant, 'Any counter-orders for the march?' I answered him with 'No.' I dressed, and, putting on my waterproof, walked to the sergeant-major's tent, to tell him to turn out the men. Before I got back to my own tent the rain had ceased; and when the men fell in for the march, there were heavy rain-clouds all round, and a low rolling cloud within a few yards of their heads, covering the whole

camp, but not one drop of rain! I prayed for strength for the men for what was a long march for men just come from China, and it was granted. The distance was twenty-two miles, the road bad, we had no music but one fife and a drum; and only one old man, who had been more than twenty years in the service, fell out! I find in my diary, 'The officers noted the stopping of the rain as very remarkable.'

The next day we marched into King William's Town. 'Well, major,' said one of my officers to me, a week or two afterwards, 'that was a very wonderful thing; we have just been talking about it. All that rain at East London, and not a man caught a cold!' It was wonderful indeed; and yet not so, for it was an answer to earnest prayer. Thus the Lord had in His wisdom fulfilled my third desire. He had given me command of a body of men in a position of much danger to them all, and He had enabled me to deliver them out of it.

These are three simple stories, with not much of interest in them for the man who does not believe in God, but I trust that they will strengthen the faith and cheer the heart of many a Christian. I have given the facts as concisely and simply as I could, and I have humbly desired to give all the praise and glory to God. I could not avoid writing about myself as His agent; but if I have in any way

appeared to take any praise to myself, I trust that the reader will believe I did not intend to do so.

Fellow-Christian, in whatever position you may be, the Lord is with you. Trust Him ; serve Him ; seek and desire to glorify Him. Through all the circumstances of your life He will guide you. There is nothing too insignificant in your concerns for His loving care. In each of them He will enable you to glorify Him. ' Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' Let your yieldingness be known unto all men : don't be afraid to be gentle and patient. The Lord is near. (Phil. iv. 5.)

XVII.

Shall.

‘If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.’—2 TIM. II. 12.

All that I have, O Lord, is Thine ;
All that I am Thy Spirit wrought ;
What would I not for Thee resign,
Whose precious blood my ransom bought !
Lord, here I am ; *my life, my all,*
I hold obedient to Thy call.

ALLEN GARDINER.

CHAPTER XVII.

VERY precious is this word when it occurs in the Scriptures of Truth in connection with any of God's promises to those who believe in Him. It is simply the unchangeable decree and purpose of the Almighty and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity. '*Shall* have rest;' '*Shall* have peace;' '*Shall* not come into condemnation;' '*Shall* be saved.' We who believe know the preciousness and value of this little word; but it occurs in connection with other assurances to those who serve God, and they should look upon its fulfilment in these particulars to be just as certain as in those which guarantee their blessing and salvation: '*Shall* have tribulation;' '*Shall* suffer persecution.' Yes; as the promises of God cannot be broken where the happiness of His people is concerned, neither can they be broken where the trials which test the sincerity of their faith and love are demanded. 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution' (2 Tim. iii. 12). All those who will sincerely serve God, humbly follow-

ing the Lord Jesus in His life and example, *shall* suffer persecution. It cannot be avoided, and we should not wish to avoid it, for it only gives our Father occasion to display to us more and more of the riches of His wisdom and love.

While the regiment was at Hong Kong, there was sent to the colonel of my regiment, from the Horse Guards, a petition containing false accusations against me, purporting to have been written by a soldier of my regiment at Singapore. The colonel was requested to report upon the matter to the officer commanding at Hong Kong. As his letter is official, and an authentic document, I will make an extract from it, as the best explanation of this circumstance. I would, however, remark, that I should not have noticed this matter at all, but that it led to such further proofs of God's love and faithfulness towards me as ought to be told for the comfort and joy of faith of my fellow-Christians. Without recounting in this book the Lord's last acts of love to me as a soldier, I should feel that I had only half fulfilled my delightful task of praising His goodness. This, then, is an extract from the colonel's letter in explanation of the petition above referred to: 'Sir, in reply to your letter of 4th instant, I have the honour to state Major M—— takes great interest in the spiritual welfare of the men. He himself is a Protestant. Private —— is a Roman Catholic,

unable to write well ; in fact, he can hardly do more than sign his name. The priest admitted to Major M—— that he had “lent his pen” for Private ——’s defence in his trial in November 1870, and I therefore fancy the petition may also come from the same source ; and I think from Private ——’s character, and the evidence of witnesses relative to the occurrences alluded to in the petition, that it is a case of bad feeling on the part of Private ——, backed up by bad advisers.’ This was all that referred to the petition. I have not the least doubt but that the colonel was correct in his supposition as to the author of it, for it was sent to me twice. I compared it carefully with letters I have now in my possession, and the handwriting is the same. I must, however, correct a mistake of the colonel as to the occasion on which it was proposed to lend the pen. A Roman Catholic soldier had informed me at Singapore that two very bad men were trying to get the priest to make a report against me to the officer commanding the troops. It became, of course, my duty to inform the priest that he was only employed by the Government for certain purposes, and that he had no right to interfere with discipline. I told him the character of the men. I also told him that these soldiers had had an opportunity of reporting me at the last inspection, but had not done so. I further told him, that if they had any complaint, and would

bring it forward in the usual manner, I would forward it myself to the officer commanding the troops. His reply was to the effect that he 'was merely to lend his pen,' but that he would now desist. It was this of which I informed the colonel, as I did of everything which occurred in connection with the discipline of that portion of his regiment which was under my command. Such was my duty.

I have stated that the accusations were false. They were fully disproved in every particular, and the evidence sent to the Horse Guards. The officer commanding the troops at Singapore, through whose hands the correspondence passed, told me he was quite sure that the colonel of my regiment was right as to the source of the petition. Why it was written I do not seek to know ; the Lord is judge. Of one thing I am conscious: that I never did any wrong, either to the man whose name was put to it, or to the man who wrote it. As regards the soldier, I had treated him most kindly until he compelled me to do my duty. Had he listened to my repeated earnest entreaties to him to turn from his evil ways, he would never have got into prison. 'The Lord reigneth.' This is the answer to every perplexity in the path of a Christian. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Nothing can happen to one of His children without His permission for their highest good.

The regiment had been moved from Singapore to South Africa while the decision of the Horse Guards was awaited. Very graciously did the Lord prepare for me against the arrival of that decision. How tender He is in all His dealings with His children! He had appointed that it should reach me in a garrison commanded by one of His servants, with whom I was living as a brother. Thus, instead of receiving an official letter, the contents of which would have been soon known all over the garrison, a friend told me that a letter had come from the Horse Guards, a friend's voice prepared me for its contents, and a friend's hand gave it to me to read.

The Sunday before it arrived I had gone, as was my wont, to visit the sick of my regiment in hospital. As I went through the wards, I told the men that I would read in a ward in which there was a man very ill of consumption. Several came; among them two Roman Catholics—an old soldier, and a recruit. They walked across the hospital square, to come and hear me read God's Word. They sat close to me, using the Douay Testaments which I had supplied for the hospital. I read the account of our Lord's visit to the sisters at Bethany. Well do I remember my closing words on that, the last occasion I ever read the Word of God to my fellow-soldiers until after I had resigned my commission: 'Yes, my dear comrades, if we do what Mary did—

if we believe in the Lord Jesus as our Saviour and Lord—if we sit at His feet and hear His words, the world may do what it likes. We may lose health, wealth, or position; we may lose friends, or whatever we hold most dear on earth—we have chosen, by God's grace, that good part, which shall not be taken from us.' Little did I think that in a few hours I should have taken from me that which I then valued most on earth,—the privilege of telling British soldiers of the love of God and the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The same day I heard that a missionary had arrived in town who had been labouring faithfully among the heathen. I went at once to see him. He told me he was going to preach that night, and I went to hear him. His text was: 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him best.' I remember asking myself, 'Do I want a sermon on this subject?' and replying, 'Well, if I don't now, I may soon, so I had better listen.'

Two days afterwards the decision of the Commander-in-chief arrived. There is no need here to copy more than this: 'I have to request that Major M—— may be informed that it is not within his province to impart religious instruction to the soldiers under his command, and that he must discontinue the distribution of tracts of any religious tendency among them.' The plain meaning

of the first part of this sentence was, that I was forbidden to speak to my fellow-soldiers about their God and Saviour. The latter part referred to the fact that I had got the families in my regiment to take in the *British Workman* and other similar papers.

Official language can always be variously interpreted; but no soldier receiving such an injunction from the Commander-in-chief would have otherwise interpreted it. Had I, after the receipt of this communication, spoken to soldiers about God, I might have been justly charged with the serious military crime of 'disobedience of orders.' The demands of military obedience are, like the commandments of God, exceeding broad. I had not expected such an order; there was no reason for it. I had not been charged with religious intolerance, or with having been biassed by religion in the discharge of my duty. But the Lord had prepared me for it, and when I had finished reading the letter I was able to say, without a regret, 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him best.'

There could be no mistake as to the meaning of the injunction from the Horse Guards. The colonel of my regiment, on receiving a copy of it from me, thus wrote: 'I presume it will now be a matter for very serious consideration whether, with hands tied, you remain in the service, or devote yourself to the better work.'

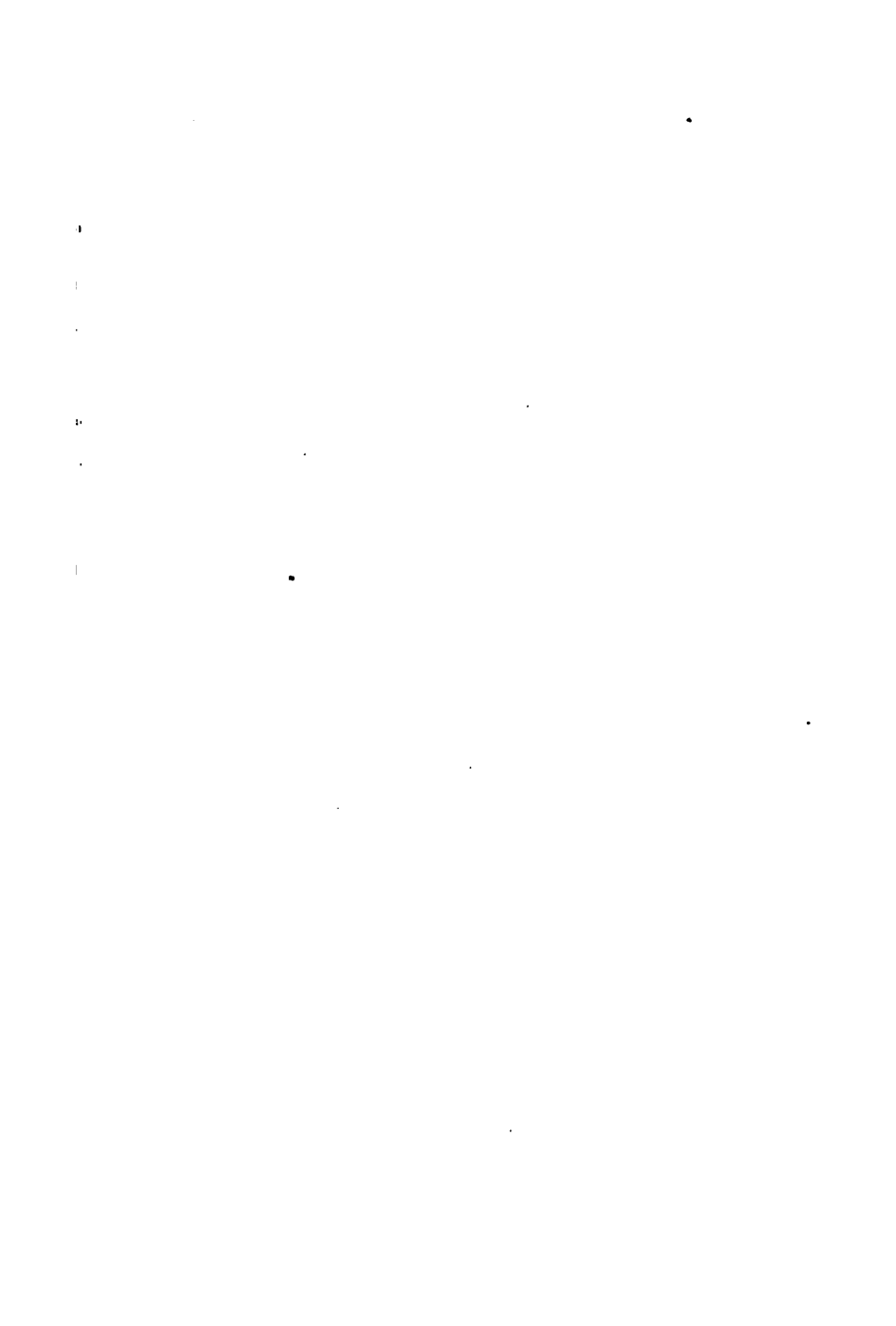
I simply asked the Lord to guide me. I cast myself on Him. All I prayed was, that He would not allow me to go back from Him on account of this, and that He would open me a wide door among civilians. One thing I at once decided—that I would not disobey the order in any way. I had often told my men that those who issued orders were responsible to God for them, but that soldiers must obey all orders, unless directed to commit treason against the Queen, or to blaspheme God. Now I had an opportunity of practising what I had preached.

When the wing arrived at King William's Town, there being no spare room in barracks, I had at once hired and fitted up a room in the town, where the men might go for the reading of God's Word and prayer. This was finished before the order came. That day, or the next, was my evening for reading to my comrades. I went over to the room shortly before they assembled, and told the old soldier who lived in the house to tell them that I was very sorry not to be able to come, but that *I was prevented by duty*. The Sunday following I went round the hospital as usual. I said nothing, of course, until I came to the man, above referred to, who was so ill. Then I could not be silent; so I said, 'Well, Lane, you know what I would say to you if I had not received an order not to speak to you.' 'Yes,

sir, I know,' said the poor fellow. The day I left the regiment he walked, with some difficulty, to my quarters, to thank me for my kindness to him in hospital.

The Lord answered my prayer, and opened me a door at once among civilians. A missionary living near asked me to preach to a Hottentot congregation. This I gladly did the first Sunday after the receipt of the Horse Guards letter. This congregation was composed principally of old soldiers of the Cape Mounted Rifles, some of whom were sincere Christians, and they welcomed me. I continued to take this service while I was in that garrison.

It is written, 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' So I committed the question of my leaving the army to God, in daily, earnest prayer. I was quite ready to resign my commission if such should be His will.



XVIII.

Endure Hardness.

'*Thou* therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'—2 TIM. II. 3.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross !
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss !
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOON after my arrival in Africa it was my privilege to meet two of those warriors of the Cross who, when the noise and glare of this changing scene have passed away, will shine like stars in the glory of God for ever. John Brownlee,—a name beloved among the warlike Kaffirs,—who went from England to preach the gospel of Christ in Africa in the year 1816, was the founder of King William's Town, my last quarter. As he was unable to leave his bed when I joined that garrison, I called upon him. It was a sight not to be forgotten. The first white man who had come among the Kaffirs on the Buffalo River in the name of Christ, and who had laboured among them faithfully for more than fifty years, enduring unknown hardships, was lying peacefully, like a little child who is waiting to be folded in its mother's loving arms. His work was done: and what work it had been! The preacher to the largest congregation in London was quite right when he said, that when he saw the veteran Moffat he

felt inclined to sink into his shoes. Yes; if we are competent to compare work—if we recognise our power of choice in labour for Christ—these, as far as man can judge, *the pioneers of mission work among the heathen*, may claim the post of honour. Our Lord Himself, to rouse His disciples to self-sacrifice, to leave home and kindred for His sake and the gospel's, gave promises of especial reward. It is one thing to work in our large towns, hard as it is, constantly refreshed with communion with fellow-Christians, and supported by their sympathy. It is another to live, as John Brownlee did for the first part of his service in the field, alone among the heathen, and unsupported by any earthly friend save his devoted wife. The Master allots the work, and His servants need not be jealous of one another: He will reward every man according to his work. As the glory is all His, as His grace is magnified in those who excel, we should be rather pleased to hear of the exploits of 'the first three,' though we have not 'a name among the thirty.'

Christian, have you ever *studied* with prayer the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles? It was written for *your* instruction. The deeds of David's mighty men were not recorded without a purpose. Our King is in His hold. He longs to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that deep well of love which He sank when He came

from His glory to this sinful world. But the Philistines surround it: self and the world prevent His freely drinking of it. 'Oh that one would give me drink of it!' He says. Who are the mightiest of His captains? They who for love of Him can break through the hosts of these enemies. It is water from *that well* He craves. Love, love! yes, His own love—love like His own! He may pour it out—it may appear lost; but break through those enemies, give Him to drink, and He may reckon yours a greater act than defeating a whole army, and He may place you among the first three. 'Love never faileth.'

I remember asking an old Highlander about the charge of the 92d at Waterloo. 'Eh, sir, they nae stoppit for the bayonet.' It was a critical moment. Heavy columns of the enemy were advancing. Only the 92d, a small band, held the position. Above the noise of battle rose their commanding officer's voice: '92d, remember Cameron! Shoulder to shoulder—give them the bayonet! Charge!' Fellow-Christians, we are now in the Waterloo of Time. The massive columns of Infidelity, Ignorance, and False Religion are advancing. Above the din of conflict hear your King's voice: 'Christians, remember ME! Love one another. Preach the gospel. Pray!' Oh for as faithful obedience to Him as these gallant soldiers to their chief! There would be the same story after

every conflict: 'They nae stoppit for the bayonet.' But more prisoners would be taken for our King than are made now.

Brownlee, Moffat, and Ross have formed one of the threes who will be famous in the history of these times when it is made known in the kingdom of God. For more than fifty years they held up the banner of the Cross amid the darkness of heathendom and the deadness of a lifeless Christianity. Others stood with them in the battle,—giants, men of renown, men who could keep rank,—whose names are written in heaven. To His servant, John Brownlee, the Lord signally fulfilled His word, 'Them that honour ME I will honour.' He went to Africa in God's name alone, a humble preacher of His truth. Patiently he endured the neglect from his own fellow-countrymen which is the portion of most true missionaries. He was the first who built a house, where King William's Town now stands. His house was twice burned down. On the second occasion, his garden and grounds were appropriated by the Government. On he laboured. Almost the last thing told him about this world was, that his son had been appointed to the highest public office in that part of the colony, and was to come to King William's Town as civil commissioner. He would thus take possession of Government House, which had been built where his father's house stood, and the

garden which his father had planted when he came there to preach Christ to the heathen. The old man smiled, and praised the Lord. Soon afterwards he departed in peace. Having followed his honoured body to its resting-place, I walked with a fellow-Christian on the hills above the town where he was the first settler, a witness for the gospel; and we thanked and praised God, who had thus rewarded His faithful servant. After this I paid a visit to his friend, the aged Ross. I rode over to Pirie, the station he had founded, under the magnificent forest and mountain of that name. He was sitting beneath the shadow of a fine avenue of oaks, which he had planted with his own hands. The old man was reading. The grass prevented his hearing my horse's steps. I reined in and watched him. What a picture of happy and blessed old age! All the world and its vanity ignored; quiet rest, contentment, surrounded by those whom his teaching had led, by God's grace, from darkness to light. He did not consider himself as yet unfit for duty. Next day he rode off in the rain some twelve miles, to preach Christ to the heathen.

What mighty deeds such men as Brownlee, Ross, Moffat, and many other missionaries have done for the love of Christ! These, with those of His faithful servants at home, will never be fully known until He confesses His own before men and angels. Let

one of them now speak, and tell the secret of the courage, patience, and endurance of all true soldiers of Christ. When John Brownlee had done fifty years' service for his Master, an address was presented to him by some friends at the town which he had founded. Thus he replied: 'Before entering into mission work *I gave myself to the Lord*. I entered it *expecting no praise from man*. I sought no earthly reward. I knew not that my work would be acknowledged or blessed. *But I had always the assurance that*, whether there were any results or not, whether my work would be acknowledged or not by man, *God would acknowledge His own work in His own time and way*. I gave myself to the Lord, and that has been my stay during my long earthly career.' I have been very much pained to find among real Christians in England so little interest in foreign missions. Alas, how easily the sin of unbelief besets us! If we believed that the Lord Jesus *has all power on earth*,—if we believed His assurance, '*I am with you*,' given to those who obey His command and go and preach the gospel,—we could not doubt but that the work of the missionaries must be blessed by Him, and that His kingdom is being spread.

Ignorance of the Scriptures is another fertile source of this indifference. The general rejection of the gospel, the coming of the Lord, judgment on Jew

and Gentile, restoration of the Jews, His personal reign on earth in peace and righteousness,—these are the keys of prophecy, as of real interest in missions to the heathen. *‘As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man’* (Luke xvii. 26). God said to Noah, *‘Thee—righteous—in this generation’* (Gen. vii. 1). Judgment came, Noah was saved, the earth repeopled by those who were preserved through judgment: so shall it be before the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth.

An American gentleman, whom I had met at New York, visited me at Singapore. ‘You will be surprised to see me,’ said he; ‘but the fact is, that I thought one day, that as I had been reading missionary reports for forty years, I would travel round the world to see if they were true. So I left New York and crossed to China. They say that missionaries exaggerate. Why, my dear brother, they can’t half write what God has done.’ This is the truth. It would be quite impossible for man to narrate what God has done by the preaching of His gospel in the world. This work is going gloriously on. Let every Christian have a care, lest by indifference as to the spread of the gospel, whether by prayer or means, he be ashamed when he meets the Lord. -

I could write a good deal on this subject. I have many dear friends who are enduring hardness as

missionaries in various parts of the world. Time would fail me now to tell of them all. But I ought to state that I have personally known many Chinese and Kaffir Christians, and converts from other races, and that their love to God and man, their holy walk, and their jealous reverence for the name and cause of the Lord Jesus have often cheered and refreshed me.

About the time that I received the order from the Horse Guards, referred to in the last chapter, a missionary came into the garrison from north of the Kei river. I called on him and his sister. They gave me a very cordial invitation to visit them at their house among the heathen. I asked for a month's leave, purposing to inspect the mission stations between the Kei and Bashee rivers. My leave was granted, and I had a most interesting ride of four hundred miles. What I witnessed astonished me as to the result of the preaching of God's word among the heathen in those parts. At the same time, I saw and heard enough to convince me that there was urgent need for labourers there. The heathen numbering tens of thousands, I had the great happiness of preaching the gospel everywhere. The missionaries gave me a warm welcome.

At the request of friends of the Missions, I published my journal in a little book, entitled, *Rides in the Mission Field of South Africa*. It was hurriedly

written. There are one or two things I would now omit, and much that I would add.

This friend I first visited was very desirous of returning to Scotland to see his aged father. He could not do so, as there was no one to take his place. He had been labouring at that station very faithfully for some years. I said to him one day, 'If they'd give me a year's leave, I would gladly look after your people.' 'I wish you would indeed,' he replied, with much earnestness.

I waited on God, praying for guidance during the three months which followed the receipt of the Horse Guards letter. What ought I to do? I could not disobey the order as a soldier. I could not obey it as a Christian. There was only one thing for me to do, leave the army. This is a question on which much rash judgment might be pronounced by Christians. They are not competent to judge unless they have been in my position. What was I? An English gentleman serving in the army for love of country and the good of its soldiers. I was occupying a purely voluntary position; and if I could not give satisfaction to the Government, duty and self-respect alike pointed to retirement from it. A man does not lose his individuality by becoming a Christian. He is still a citizen and a subject, and should seek in those positions the glory of God and the good of his neighbour. There was a well of divine truth in the

declaration of the celebrated Vicomte d'Orthez : ' *Ma vie est au roi, mon ame est au Dieu, mon honneur est à moi*' (My life is the king's, my soul is God's, my honour is my own). The body is God's and ours, and also the state's to which we belong, for loyal duty as subjects, according to His word. The soul is God's and ours, for communing with Him and enjoyment of His love. The spirit is God's, but our own to guide us according to His word in our duty to God and man. But he whose spirit is the slave to man understands as little the dignity of his being, as does he who rejects the revelation which God has given him concerning it in His holy word. The nobleman who so realized his high honour as a man was not afraid to offend his king, rather than shed innocent blood. He was Governor of Bayonne at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Being commanded by the king to slaughter the Protestants, he had the courage and wit to refuse to do so in a letter, of which the following is a translation : ' Sire, I have communicated the letter of your Majesty to the garrison and inhabitants of this town. I have only found here brave soldiers, good citizens, and not a single executioner !' Well would it have been for France had she had a few more men of his stamp.

Yes, a man's honour is his own ; for, as the Scripture says, ' A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches ;' and again, ' A poor man is better than

a liar.' My duty to God, and the feeling that I could no longer conscientiously serve my country, alike dictated retirement from the service. The word of God gave me full leave to do so. 'Art thou called, being a servant? care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather' (1 Cor. vii. 21). I had been called, led to Christ, as a servant, a soldier, a man under authority. I had not cared for it, so long as I could serve God; but now that I could not do so, and might be made free, I felt it my duty to use it rather. As to occupation, and a sphere of usefulness, I knew that God would provide them. I had given myself to the Lord Jesus, and so long as I could serve Him humbly anywhere, I cared not. I had not forgotten the line in the Latin grammar:

'Omne solum forti patria.'

'Every land the brave man's home.'

Gladly would I have sought work in England, but I knew not where I could go, except to one or two places where there were plenty of labourers. At that time, I knew nothing at all of the work in London. My friend's need of a substitute in order to visit his father, and the need of the heathen north of the Kei, pointed to his post as a small field of service for my blessed Master. One step at a time is enough in the walk of faith. It was quite a new life to me. The difficulties in every way appeared tremendous. Personally I felt myself to be most

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XIX.

As the Light.

'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.'—Ps. xxxvii. 6.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time; *thy darkest night*
Shall end in brightest day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE exhortation to delight ourselves in the Lord, promising that He shall give us the desires of our heart, is followed by this assurance: *Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass; and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.* By His marvellous grace He led me to believe in Him. Faith is the gift of God, who giveth to all men liberally. If you need it, and wish it, *Ask, and ye shall receive.* He then led me to commit my way to Him, to trust in Him, and He did bring it to pass. But the man who serves God in this wicked world *must* suffer in some way. Misunderstanding or persecution he *must* have. Therefore it is promised, for the comfort of all the servants of the Lord, that He will bring forth their righteousness—that they acted faithfully towards Him—as the light, and their judgment—that by His grace they acted for the best towards men—as the noonday. What a tower of strength this blessed promise has been in

all their trials to the followers of the Lord Jesus ! They knew, and know, that His word shall not pass away ; that what God has promised He will perform to the last letter ; that He will bring forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noonday. To many of His faithful servants He has already, even in time, fulfilled this word. How clearly has the history of nations during the last few centuries vindicated the conduct of those martyrs of Christ in our land who died for God's truth ! They thus preserved to their country His precious word. To their faithfulness England owes, under God, her position among the nations. They stood on the truth of that Book which gave light and national liberty to England, when all the nations of Europe except Germany were enchained in the dark mines of priestly superstition. As Latimer truly said to Ridley, they did 'light such a candle by God's grace in England as shall never be put out.' That candle made England the beacon of civil and religious liberty, and the bulwark of national freedom. Liberty and freedom in their highest meaning none know but those whom Christ has released from sin. Alas for these days, when it is sought to drown the voice of history ! God forbid ! God's word and history are the only reliable guiding-stars for man. Reason errs, science fails, but history—the records of facts—cannot lie. That certain causes produce in

nations certain effects, time proves. That, by God's mercy, the lighting of the candle of His word and truth in England, at the time it was extinguished in France, Spain, and Italy, has made the difference between the vast and free British Empire and those unhappy nations cannot be gainsaid. France and Spain are awful spectacles of two nations in which the principles of government and duty set forth by God's word have been entirely excluded. Italy is just emerging from an age of death and decomposition, because the light and truth of that book is making itself felt. How fully did God answer Ridley's last prayer, 'I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies!' Wonderfully has God fulfilled His word to those His faithful servants. He has brought forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noonday. If Englishmen only knew the blessings they enjoy, in comparison with all other nations, through the faithfulness of those martyrs, they would thank God, and strive to follow their teaching. What teaching it is! How precious are their letters! They are volumes of Christian experience in a concentrated form. When men write, full of joy and the hope of glory within a few moments of the fire, theirs is a power of testimony for God's truth which no others can give. I cannot forbear a few extracts, to let them

speaking once more in His name for whom they were tortured, not accepting deliverance. Thus Master John Bradford, a witness unto death by fire on the 4th July 1553, wrote in his last letter to his mother : *' I die not, my good mother, as a thief, a murderer, but I die as a witness for Christ, His gospel and verity, which hitherto I have confessed, I thank God, as well by preaching as by prisonment, and now even presently I shall most willingly confirm the same by fire. Therefore, my good and most dear mother, give thanks for me to God, that He hath made the fruit of your womb a witness for His glory.'* Thus Rowland Taylor of Hadleigh, Suffolk, wrote in his last letter to his wife and friends four days before he suffered : *' God careth for the sparrows and for the hairs of our head. Trust ye, therefore, in Him ; through our dear Saviour Christ's merit, believe, love, fear, and obey Him. Count me not dead, for I shall surely live and never die. Beware, for God's sake, that ye deny not God, neither decline from the word of faith, lest God decline from you, and so ye everlastingly perish. Beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost, now after such a light opened so plainly and simply, truly, thoroughly, and generally to all England.'* Thus also Robert Smith, who ended his confession with his life on earth by fire at Uxbridge, began his last letter to his wife : *' I praise God for His mercy, looking daily for the living God, before whom I hunger sore to appear, and receive the glory*

of which, I trust, thou art willing to be a partaker. I give God most hearty thanks, therefore, desiring thee of all loves to stand fast in that faith which thou hast received.' He ended the letter with this couplet :

*'If you will meet with me again.
Forsake not Christ for any pain.'*

Blessed men ! Faithful witnesses for God's truth ! Their righteousness has been brought forth as the light, their judgment as the noonday.

But since the faith of Christ was preached, and before He came on earth, there have been thousands who lived and died, suffering for righteousness' sake, concerning whom we now know nothing. Has God's word failed ? Not at all. That '*shall*,' with all the other '*shalls*' in His word, will be fulfilled. The sufferings of those who died in agony in the torture chambers of the Inquisition, or who were ruthlessly murdered wholesale in blasphemous use of the name of the God of love, have not been unknown to Him or in vain. Yet a little while, and, believer, you and I will meet them. They will tell us that their affliction was *but for a moment in comparison of eternity* ; and *light*, yea, not to be compared or remembered, *in view of the glory which almost overwhelms them*. The Lord Jesus told His followers, '*Some of you shall they put to death.*' *Every word He*

ever spake was truth. They now rejoice to have died for Him. And He, when men and angels are assembled before Him, when those who persecuted them will wish they had never been born, will bring forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noonday.

To some of His children the Lord fulfils this word even in the days of their earthly pilgrimage. He allows them to suffer for Him, and He afterwards brings forth their righteousness as the light. It has been so with many of those whose lives are recorded in His word. It was so with me.

The last paragraph of the Horse Guards letter already referred to was to this effect: 'The Commander-in-chief has always found that discipline deteriorates in corps where religious parties exist, and he has remarked that the wing of the —th Regiment was no exception to that rule when under the command of Major ——.' I do not believe that the Commander-in-chief dictated or directed this sentence. I have not one word to say against him. On the contrary, as far as the opinion of an old officer on this important public question of the command of the British army is of any value, I give mine, and I am sure that the officers of the army agree with me, that there is no man better fitted for that public position than he who now holds it. That he does not protect those of his officers and soldiers

who strive to live according to the Christian faith is a matter for regret. There are none more faithful or loyal in the army. As long as they do their duty, their religious liberty should be respected. Unless *they* can be proved to have created breaches of discipline, they should not be deprived of that liberty upon every frivolous and vexatious complaint. They have many enemies, and no one to look to but God, and him to whom the nation entrusts the command of its army.

It is not lawful to forbid officers and soldiers who hold the same views of the Christian faith to meet together to study God's word. Not only does this do no harm, but it does a great deal of good. For twelve years I devoted myself to this. During that period, how many hundred times have I been thanked by sick and dying men for reading to them that Book! How many men have I not cheered and helped in their duty by it! Was that petition, every statement of which was false, sufficient ground for forbidding me any longer to read the word of God to those of my men who wished to hear it from me?

There were no 'religious parties' among the soldiers under my command. There are official documents to prove that discipline did not deteriorate. Trouble was at one time occasioned by the same agency which now opposes the Government of Germany, as it has for a century that of Great

Britain in Ireland. Has this been the fault of the British and German Governments? Has it not been error misleading ignorance by speaking evil of lawful authority? Words uttered about me by a teacher of this system led three of my men to speak to me as they would never otherwise have done. I had not given cause for such conduct on his part. I have now before me a letter from him, in which, referring to those whom he calls his flock, he writes to me, 'May the Almighty reward you for your disinterested charity.' For these poor men I was very sorry. But discipline must be maintained, and I was obliged to do my duty. They were tried by court-martial, and imprisoned. God's word demands submission to lawful authority on the part of *all* subjects. There never was a more shameful denial of Christ's religion than His professed followers claiming political power in His name, or in any way opposing the civil government. Preach the gospel they must; but where this is allowed, they should be the most loyal of subjects. The gospel is simply the proclamation of forgiveness of sins in Christ's name. To seek power, or to oppose government, in order to do this, is not in accordance with the teaching of the Lord Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of man. *He taught, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's' (Luke xx. 25). 'Lest we should offend,' He performed*

a miracle. His word commands, '*Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers ;*' and adds, '*Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God*' (Rom. xiii. 1, 2). He who could have commanded twelve legions of angels died at the hands of man rather than resist Cæsar, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, sin put away, and whosoever believeth saved. Such His life, His teaching !

'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.' This was my comfort when I had finished reading the Horse Guards letter. It would have troubled me greatly, but that the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me. He knew the truth. He would sooner or later justify me : whether now, or in the day when every secret thing shall be revealed, I left to His will. I never expected that He would do before I left my regiment. By return post from headquarters, after the resignation of my commission had been received, there arrived two letters. One was from a private soldier. The following are extracts :—'Dear Sir,—I hope you will not think it impudent of me for taking the liberty of writing you this letter. I was thinking of it since I left your command, but my position of life prevented me from doing it. I always had a desire of returning you my most hearty thanks for the book (a Douay Testament) you presented me with after we went from Singapore to Hong Kong,

as also all my comrades join with me in thanking you for your kind present to them. Dear Sir, there is a rumour here that you are about to leave the regiment, which we would be very sorry for. He then expresses, in as strong language as man can, how pleased he and his co-religionists, many of whom he mentions, would be to serve again under my command, giving as his reason, '*We were never better off than what we were when we were under your command, as you always gave us all kinds of indulgences concerning our keeping up of our religious principles, which we shall never forget for you, if it laid in our power to do you any assistance.*' This from an Irish Roman Catholic soldier, to me, his old commanding officer. I felt it was *God's answer to the Horse Guards letter.* The Lord led him to write it. When I had finished it, the tears flowed freely from my eyes. I looked up, and said, 'Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God.' Beloved Christian reader, what a God is ours! Here was *His proof* that there was no religious party, save one of love, among the soldiers under my command. Here was *His proof* that discipline had not deteriorated in the wing I had commanded. On the contrary, by His grace, I had bound my soldiers to myself by the strongest tie human nature knows,—the heaven-given band of love. Love, because for Christ's sake I had loved them.

My application for leave to England had been

refused, on the ground that my services could not be spared. It was a momentary disappointment; but I knew that all was well. A few weeks afterwards, the General commanding the forces at the Cape of Good Hope came to inspect the troops in garrison. I need hardly remark that I now committed my cause to the Lord in earnest prayer. My dear friend the commandant and I met for special prayer, that the Lord would give us good success, and prosper our work.

The day of the inspection I was enjoying a psalm, as usual, before breakfast in the garden of our mess-house, when in the portion for that day I came upon this verse, '*I have stuck unto Thy testimonies: O Lord, put me not to shame*' (Ps. cxix. 31). I closed the book with a shout of joy. It was my Lord's assurance that He would not now fail me. Lieutenant-General Hay, an officer who, by his indefatigable exertions in the rifle instruction of our army, had done so much to improve its military power, was the inspecting General. He had commanded a regiment nineteen years as lieutenant-colonel, and was very strict in duty. He inspected the men by companies under arms. The wing was then put through the usual exercises of an inspection by myself, and other officers. The General told the men before they marched off parade that he was extremely pleased with all he had seen. 'As to cleanliness on parade,

steadiness in the ranks, and when moving under arms, there is nothing to be desired.' Following this there was the inspection of the books, kits, and barracks. The companies were upwards of an hundred strong. After looking at the books of the first company, the General asked the Captain how much it was in debt. The debt was under three pounds. 'How many depositors have you in the regimental savings bank?' was the General's next question. 'Fifty-nine, sir,' was the reply. 'What?' said the General. The officer repeated what he had before said. 'Well,' said the General, 'I never saw anything like this before in my life.'

And now I must go back a little. This wing was sent to me at Singapore from Hong Kong, exactly a year before, stricken with fever and ague. It was my duty to do all I could to restore the strength and efficiency of the men. At Singapore I cared for them as a father for his children. How we landed in Africa, and marched to King William's Town, has been told. Alas! the British soldier has a more powerful enemy than either climate or exposure; and that enemy is *drink*! Brandy in South Africa is cheaper than beer in England. The drunkenness on the arrival of regiments in that country is awful. I did all I could to stop it, but it seemed as if the Evil One had it all his own way. At that time my physical strength was failing: work all seven days

for the two years at Singapore had exhausted it. But *God is able*, and I cast myself upon Him. After three days' earnest prayer that He would give me bodily strength, and bless my example, I went round the barracks and addressed the men by companies, begging them to abstain from drink, and giving them my example in so doing. To Him I committed the result for myself and them. It was not until the inspection that I had any idea how greatly He had blessed me. When the wing came under my command from Hong Kong that month year, there were only eighty-one depositors in the regimental savings bank; now there were 216 in a total strength of 417. About the only real good that an officer can do for his men, except helping them to believe God's word, is to educate them, and induce them to save their pay instead of spending it in drink.

The General asked the same question of the officer whose company books he next inspected. The company's debt was very small, and the number of depositors fifty-three. The General again expressed his astonishment, and, turning to his aide-de-camp, said '—, did you ever see anything like this?' The total number of men who were placing their money in the regimental savings bank has been given above. Others, I know, sent their pay home to their friends; others required it all for their families. It can thus be understood the influ-

ence for their real good which God had given me among the soldiers under my command. After this the General inspected the barracks and kits at the men's dinner hour. In the afternoon the wing paraded again for skirmishing drill. We attacked the hill above the parade ground, turning the left flank. The 'assembly' sounded. Again the General addressed the men. Thus he began: 'I have never been more surprised in all my life than by what I have seen to-day.' At this a laugh instantly went down the ranks. 'I expected to find a lot of sickly, rheumatic old men, instead of which I find a body of young and healthy soldiers.' The men now fairly laughed outright. As for myself, my heart was too full to think much, and the tears choked my eyes. 'I told you what I thought of you on parade this morning.' The General repeated his remarks. 'Since then I have gone into your interior economy (the books, kits, etc.). It is perfect. Why, you are gentlemen, independent gentlemen! You don't owe your officers anything! Not a company three pounds in debt. As for the number of depositors in the regimental savings bank, I am an old commanding officer, and have met many regiments, and I never heard of anything like it.' The General then remarked, what is quite true, that the mass of the men in the ranks of our army are respectable men, and that it is about *ten per cent.* who, by their bad conduct, bring re-

proach upon their regiments and the service at large. He urged such men present, for the credit of the corps, to follow the example of their good comrades. He then remarked upon the position when firing both ranks kneeling, and with more kind words ordered the parade to be dismissed. On his return to Cape Town, when telling an officer of this inspection, he said: 'I could see that the men were determined that they would do well; and *they did it all for him.*' He was quite right. Soldiers will stand by officers who treat them with justice and kindness. On this occasion, as of old, the Lord, for His own and His servants' sake, made them willing (Ex. xxxv. 21, xxxvi. 1).

It was my duty as commanding officer to wait upon the General until he had left the barracks. We walked across the parade ground alone. I was silent. I could not help thinking of all that the Lord had shown me to-day. 'Ye shall not need to fight in this battle' is His word to His servants in all their trials; 'stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you' (2 Chron. xx. 17).

'Well, Major, I must honestly tell you that I have never been so mistaken in any man as I have been in you.' Thus began the General. 'I came up here thoroughly prejudiced against you. The Horse Guards correspondence, reports I had heard about you, etc., made me expect to find another state of

things. I assure you I think very differently now.'

'I thank God it is so, sir.'

'Yes. I had expected to find everything in confusion, your officers discontented, and your men—why, I find everything in perfect order; everybody happy. *I never saw such a happy body of men before in my life.*'

'I thank God, and you too, sir, for those words. I would rather have heard them on this occasion from you, than have had all the general orders that ever left the Horse Guards.'

The General said that he had only stated what was true; that his long experience among soldiers enabled him very easily to see how happy my men were.

We then walked on for some time in silence. At length he began once more. 'You will excuse me, Major. I have no wish to intrude in your private affairs; but after what I have seen to-day, knowing as I do why you are leaving the service, I consider it my duty, in the position I occupy, after what I have seen to-day, to request that you will, for the sake of the country, reconsider the step you have taken, and withdraw the resignation of your commission. I will write to the Horse Guards, and explain the real state of the case.' He added more than this, urging me not to leave the service.

It was some time before I could make any reply.

Could I have ever expected to hear such language from a General of our army? I was reminded of Daniel's words, 'Forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me. And also before thee, O king, have I done no wrong.' Love of country and of my comrades urged me to remain. But I had made up my mind a few days before that it was God's will I should go to the heathen. I had told a magistrate, among whose people I proposed to work, that it was my purpose to come and live for Christ among them. I could not, therefore, now retreat, and I had no wish to do so.

'Thank you, General, very much. It is too late now. I have passed my word that I will go with the gospel of Christ to the heathen north of the Kei, and, God helping me, I will do so.'

He expressed his regret at this decision, hoping that I should yet change my mind. He spoke most kindly to me. When we were outside the barracks, I asked his leave to call on him at his quarters that evening, and we then parted.

I was in his room at the time appointed. 'General, I have come to ask you to grant me leave to proceed to England.'

'I cannot refuse your leave,' he replied, 'I find everything in such admirable order. *No man could spoil your men in four months.*' These words he repeated again.

Here was *the Lord's answer* to the charge against me that I had deteriorated discipline.

I assured the General that Captain Lecky, the officer on whom the command would devolve, was quite competent to perform the duty, or I should not have asked for leave. I hope my old comrade will accept this testimonial from me. He and my other brother officers knew what a pleasure it was to me to say a kind word for them when I could.

The General dined at mess with us that evening. I learned in conversation with him how deeply he was interested in the welfare of the British soldier. When I bade him good-night, he gave me a most cordial invitation to visit him at Cape Town on my way to England.

Reader, this is all true. The Lord was present, and heard all that General Hay said to me. He is now, I doubt not, with Him; for he was a just man, and one that feared God. His conduct towards me—although, as he more than once said, it was only his duty—was, nevertheless, a cup of cold water which will in no wise lose its reward.

When I returned to my quarters that night, I thanked and praised the Lord who had fulfilled to me His word: '*He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.*'

Fellow-Christian, are you suffering for the Lord's

sake? Have your efforts to serve Christ our Lord drawn upon you misunderstanding or calumny? Count it all joy. Let patience have her perfect work. Let your yieldingness be known unto all men; the Lord is near (Phil. iv. 5). Either now or in the glory *He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light.*



XX.

No Evil.

‘Because thou hast made the Lord, my refuge, the Most High,
thy habitation, *there shall no evil befall thee.*’—Ps. xci. 9, 10.

I will *never, never* leave thee ;
I will *never* thee forsake ;
I will guard, and save, and keep thee,
For My name and mercy's sake.
Fear no evil, fear no evil,
Only *all* My counsel take.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER of the 'standing orders' in God's Word is, '*There shall no evil happen to the just*' (Prov. xii. 21), come what may. Let the foundations be cast down, the Lord's word to His people is, 'Say ye to the *righteous, It shall be well with him*' (Isa. iii. 10). Blessed assurance! '*All things shall work together for good.*' '*Nothing shall by any means hurt you.*' What unlimited promises of blessing and protection! Well may Christians, those who do indeed believe in the Lord Jesus, be commanded to 'rejoice in the Lord alway.' But *who are the righteous*, the just? Not the moral, the 'good,' the 'religious' of this world. No, certainly not. Away with all platforms of human righteousness; the poles are rotten. God's Word declares—and it lies not—'*There is none righteous, no, not one. All have sinned*' (Rom. iii. 10, 23). Job, named with Noah and Daniel as especially holy, when he addressed the Lord, said, '*I am vile*' (xl. 4). Blessed be God it is so! Blessed be His wisdom which has permitted this, that He might give

us a better righteousness than man could have, even His own. '*The righteousness of God is manifested through faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe*' (Rom. iii. 22). Here is a righteousness that will stand the judgment of God. Wrap yourself in this, O man. Take it, and roll it round you, O sinner. It is perfect, because Christ purchased it, and God made it. It is perfect, because the Holy Spirit gives it to all who believe. Note well that it is *unto all*—it comes to *all*; it is *upon all*—it covers *all* them *that believe*. Trust God. Trust Christ. Trust the Holy Spirit, now bidding you by this book, if you were never urged before, to accept *this free gift*. '*They which have received the abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life eternal, now begun by one, Christ Jesus*' (Rom. v. 17). '*They which have received.*' Accept it now, and it is yours. Reject it not, I pray you.

Such are the righteous, the just—those to whom *God gives* His own righteousness because by His grace they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They believe in the love of God, who gave His Son. They believe in the preciousness of that blood which cleanseth from all sin. They believe the power of that Holy Spirit which reveals to them their sinfulness, the love of God, and the blood of Christ. Believing, they adore the wisdom and love of God, which laid the sin of the world on Christ. God makes them partakers

of His own righteousness. They are righteous. In His sight they are just. To these He says, '*There shall no evil happen.*' No evil? None. Trial, tribulation, distress, peril, the sword, these things shall happen to them as to others. Their portion of these shall be fatter than that of the world. But with one and all of these, *no evil*. Oh marvellous truth! Over these they are more than conquerors through Him who loved them. What a glorious subject it is! It fathoms the depths of divine wisdom.

It is told of one of the Lord's servants in the reign of Queen Mary, who was always preaching this truth, God's unchanging love to His people, that he was being taken to London to be burnt. 'Is this all for the best?' was the soldier's chaff. Yes. He fell from his horse and broke his leg. 'Is this all for the best now?' said the officer. 'You won't get off being burned. You have broken your leg first, and you will be burned afterwards.' Yes; it was for the best. He could not travel on until his leg was healed. Meanwhile Mary was called to give an account of herself to God, Elizabeth came to the throne, and he went back to his parish to preach his favourite truth, God is love. Either way *no evil* could have happened to him.

A poor labouring man in Shropshire, a believer in the Lord, fell off a hayrick this summer. He broke both legs and an arm. When carried into his cot-

tage, this was his remark to his wife: 'Well, I've got the best luck of any man in the world: I've got the Lord Jesus Christ.' This was no humbug. He knew in whom he believed. Having Him for Saviour, Friend, and God, he knew that, bad as was his case, *no evil* had happened to him. 'You have no idea what I suffer, sir, but, thank God, I keep the 'Lord' topmost.' This was the sermon he preached to me.

No; *no evil* can happen to the righteous. It was no evil when the enemies of the gospel massacred the hapless inhabitants of Merindol, in France, the home of my forefathers, because they worshipped God through Christ. They suffered for righteousness' sake, and theirs is the kingdom of heaven. It was *no evil* when the Socinian Doctors of Geneva turned my beloved grandfather out of his ministerial office in the National Church because he preached Christ. It was *no evil* when he was dismissed from the professorship by which he maintained his family for the same cause. He knew this. He went back to my grandmother, who told me this story, and, throwing on the table a few francs, said, 'Jenny, this is all we have in the world. Let us pray.' He who declared that no evil shall happen to the righteous did not forsake him. It was *no evil* when I found myself, through the circumstances above narrated, compelled to leave the British army.

No; it was no evil. I have never ceased to thank God for having permitted it. No words of mine could adequately convey my sense of the blessing He has made this event to me. It was a great trial while it was going on. But its result, as the result of *all* His dealings with His people, is that I praise Him. '*Call upon ME in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify ME*' (Ps. l. 15). I did call on Him in my trouble. He did deliver me; and now it is my pleasure to glorify Him.

The time for my leaving my regiment soon came. The last Sunday I spent with it I gave an address in the evening in the Presbyterian Church. What a sight when I entered it! Round the reading-desk where I purposed to stand was a circle of red-coats,—my own dear fellows come to hear their old commanding officer speak from God's Word. Then came the civilians. The back part of the church was a mass of scarlet,—more of my comrades. I saw there men of all denominations; they treated me as I had treated them.

I had chosen for my subject Paul's words, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.' I had no intention of alluding to myself when I began to speak; but the presence of so many of my men, and the thought that perhaps it was the last opportunity I might have of telling them of the preciousness of Christ, and His salvation,

led me to do so. 'You know, dear men, what I have given up, and why. I know the value of it too. But, I assure you, I count all things loss, yea refuse, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.'

The day before I left my regiment I had a full-dress parade. I walked down the line on foot, to take a last look at my comrades. Then, having formed square, I bade them farewell. Alluding to the two years God had granted me the desire of my heart to read to them His Word at Singapore, I said, 'God will not allow His Word, which I have so faithfully preached to you, to fall to the ground. I shall meet many of you in the glory of Christ.' Column was reformed. The next senior officer marched them off parade. The drum and fife played 'The British Grenadiers,' which always carried me back in memory to Crimean days. My comrades lowered their arms to me by command as they passed. I returned their salute, and then rode to my quarters. Dismounting, I patted my faithful black charger Priam. I took off my sword, and my soldiering was at an end!

I dined at mess that evening, and my brother officers bade me farewell. After mess I went down to a room which I had hired for my men for reading God's Word and prayer, and I found it full of them. I had obeyed the order I had received from the

Adjutant-General. I had not met them in this room since it arrived. But, *now* that I had resigned my commission, and handed over the command, I could once more meet them! I spoke to them of but One, Christ, the Light of the World, and urged them to believe in and look to Him. We shook hands at parting. Some were there whom I should not have expected to meet—men with whom I had had to deal sharply in discipline. But the look these very men gave me as they pressed my hand told me that they knew I had only done my duty. What partings I had with some of my comrades, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant! How fully they proved the righteousness of my dealings with them as their commanding officer! How fully they proved my judgment in seeking their good according to God's Word! I shall never forget some of the partings that day.

No evil. No indeed. To live for Christ was my first desire. When I might no longer serve Him among my comrades by seeking their good, He opened me a wide door elsewhere. Every Sunday I was asked to address either Hottentots or Kaffirs. The civil hospital gave me work instead of the military. Visits to out mission stations added many opportunities of testimony.

What kindness He then showed me! From Mr. Harper, Mr. Bell, Mr. Wilson, missionaries at King

William's Town, I received a warm welcome. Their homes were ever open to me. From Mr. Brownlee, Mr. Weir, and others, I received much kindness. My ride across the Kei took me to the homes of Mr. Sclater and his sister, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Longden, Mr. Bour, Mr. Richard Ross, Mr. Birt, and Mr. Cumming, missionaries. I visited Captain Blyth, Mr. Cumming, and Mr. Chalmers, magistrates; also the homes of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Blane, near King William's Town. At all these places I received a kind welcome. A visit to the Missionary Institutions of Lovedale and Heald Town gave me the friendship of Dr. Stewart, Mr. Impey, Mr. Beunce, Mr. Holden, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bryce Ross, Mr. Laing, Mr. Taylor, missionaries, and their families. My last ride with any of my brother officers was to visit Mr. Appleyard and his family at Mount Coke. I had the pleasure also of meeting the two Davidsons, Mr. Chalmers, and other missionaries, and enjoyed their society.

Thus, when I was in trouble, the Lord raised me up many friends, and gave me much happiness in His work. But the greatest mercy He provided for me was the brotherly love and sympathy of my friend the commandant. Only a soldier could enter fully into my trial, and only a Christian would sympathize with me. How good was the Lord to provide me such a comrade at this time! We never had a

thought but of submission to authority. We committed all in prayer to God. He glorified Himself in His servant. The General commanding the forces at the Cape kept him out there in spite of repeated requests from England that he might be sent home. 'I could not let him go,' he told me; 'why, he has saved the Government hundreds of pounds since he has been here.' This is quite true. Increased barrack accommodation was required. Had any other than such as he been there, the Government would have had to pay a thousand pounds for every hundred. By utilizing prison labour, and making good roads, he rendered those barracks, which before were as if built on a common, and swamp in wet weather, fit for occupation, and for the performance of military duties.

On my arrival at Cape Town I called on the General, as he had requested me, and from him and others received very great kindness. I reached England on the anniversary of God's great mercy to me before Sebastopol.

There shall no evil happen. When I returned to England I was very ill. It was pain to write a letter; it was pain to do anything. I now know that if I had not resigned my commission when I did, I should, humanly speaking, never have seen England again. My physician told me that I was a spirit in a shell, that I had no body in me. It is indeed far better for

Christians to depart and be with Christ; and for that we should all have an earnest desire. Nevertheless, to abide in the body may be more needful for others; and as long as He sees this good for us, we should be glad to remain to labour on for Him. Work for the Lord Jesus in this earth is, as far as we know, the highest honour that created beings can enjoy. Angels cannot tell to sinners of salvation in His name alone. Only His redeemed on earth can do this. Yes; far from any evil, this very thing had prolonged my days. 'The fear of the Lord prolongeth days' (Prov. x. 27).

No evil. A friend of mine, who had sufficient influence to have caused the circumstances under which I left the army to be brought forward in the House of Lords, urged me to let this be done as a matter of principle. I declined. God had not been teaching me out of His Word during the past three years in vain. The study of the lives of His saints of old had been greatly blessed to me. Were a Christian wrongly imprisoned, he has a right to appeal for a fair trial. But His servants in ancient days did not go to man for every injustice which they received. They went to God. To Him I had committed my cause, as it is written, '*Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator*' (1 Pet. iv. 19). To have appealed to Parliament would have been tantamount to saying that I

was not satisfied with God's will concerning me. As I was perfectly satisfied, I could not do it. Moreover, there was at that time some public agitation; and even supposing I had thought it right, and my case were to be fairly heard, as it might have been made a tool for party purposes, I loved my country too much to let any wrong I had received increase strife. God forbid!

No evil indeed. My return to England brought me once more into the society of Christian friends. Some of my own relations gave me a warm welcome. The pleasure of meeting those we love soon makes us forget past trials. I enjoyed a long and delightful visit at Beckenham, with my beloved mother in the faith, and my kind friend her husband. Once again, after so many years' wanderings, I revelled in the peace of this blessed home. It has been a refuge and as a paradise on earth to many—to none more so than to me. It will ever be hallowed in my memory, as will be those whom I have met there. The Annual Conference of Christians at Mildmay Park took place a few days after my arrival. Thither I went, and I thank God I did so. It was well worth all I had gone through, and the loss of my commission, to meet such a blessed servant of God as William Pennefather. He is with his Lord now, so I may praise the grace that was in him without fear. Love—heavenly love—love which burst the bands of

sectarianism—love which knew no tie, no bond but Christ—this was the power of his life. This is the mightiest power for good that man can possess. How he welcomed me, an unknown stranger, for his Master's sake! How cordial his encouragement when I told him I felt moved to speak for Christ to this large assembly! I did so after Moody of Chicago—whom I had met in that city—had stirred up his hearers to more earnest service to the Lord. My subject, 'Jesus Christ is Lord.' I had served Him, by His grace, in the four quarters of the globe, and knew this to be a fact. The prince of this world, Satan, has apparently a larger kingdom; but it is usurped, and he and his must perish, for 'Jesus Christ is Lord.'

No evil. It would be useless to try and enumerate all the blessings the Lord has poured upon me since I returned to England. I reckon my intercourse with His faithful servants labouring among the poor in London as one of the greatest. Cab-driving was so painful to me, that I could not often go to see them. Oh, if the wealthy in the West End of London only knew the want in the East End! If they only could see the efforts of God's servants to alleviate that distress, all who had one spark of the love of Christ in their hearts would give largely. Oh the blessedness of giving! Oh the joy of *self-denial* for Jesus' sake! Wealthy Christians, do you

know it? *Look at your property as you will see it in the light of the judgment-seat of Christ.* God grant that you may not be ashamed when your Lord comes to reckon with you. Of the many Christ-like efforts to remedy the misery of that great city, none drew my heart more than Miss Macpherson's Home for Destitute Children, *Commercial Street, Spitalfields.* Her plan of finding homes for outcast children in the farms and villages of Canada is excellent. I know Canada. What a contrast its bright summer, its scarlet autumn, and its snow-white winter to the filth and misery of the streets of London! Dr. Bernardo's mission efforts among the poor of Stepney, which God has so richly blessed, and his Mission Training Institution, 29 *Stepney Green*, have given me much joy of faith, little as I could help him. I took part, however, in the storm and capture of the 'Edinburgh Castle,' a large public-house with a low theatre, now a gospel hall seating twelve hundred persons.

No evil. I have met dear Christian friends again whose faces I had seen in far off lands, and this has been a great delight. I had hardly expected to meet them again before the coming of the Lord. Amongst these, dear Hudson Taylor, missionary to the Chinese, and his wife. We first met on my birthday, 1871, at Singapore. On returning to my house from barracks on that day, my faithful Chinese boy Lum met me:

‘Six missionaries upstairs, sir, and seven children, come to breakfast.’ ‘All right, Lum; what a good birthday present the Lord has given me!’ I found upstairs Hudson Taylor and her who is now his wife, Alexander Grant and his wife, William Macdonald and his wife, and seven children. Never did I enjoy my birthday before as I did that day. We read the Epistle of Jude, praised God, and took courage. I commend the China Inland Mission to the prayers and sympathies of Christians. 6 *Pyramid Road, Stoke-Newington*, is the secretary’s address. All these six I have met since I have been in England. I also met my dear friend Miss Cooke, who was as a mother in Israel to myself and to the soldiers and women of my regiment at Singapore. Other dear friends whom I knew there I have seen again. It has been a great joy. What will be the joy when we who believe all gather round the Lord?

The days are evil. They are indeed. Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. But, *believer*, continue thou in all things that thou hast learned out of God’s Word, and rest thy heart on His assurance, *There shall no evil happen to thee.* The days are very evil. All the evils prophesied as to come in the last days are growing fast. Men are lovers of their own selves. All that makes men men has well-nigh given way to one crowning passion—selfishness. They are proud, submitting

neither to God nor to man's lawful authority. Disobedience, unthankfulness, unholiness, want of natural affection—all the terrible signs of the last days flourish and abound in ours. The last and the worst sign of all, 'having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof,' is that which is most prominent. How much church-going, how little Christ-living! Examine your own selves, prove your own selves. Know ye not that Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate? And yet, *Christian*, come what may, *there shall no evil happen unto thee* if thou wilt keep thy Lord's command, 'Abide in ME.'

The days are evil. What convulsions of society, of nations! What uncertainty and gloom, in spite of all the folly and vanity! How marked is the silence of the newspapers as to the future! They never touch upon it without winding up with a groan. I took up the *Saturday Review* of the 20th May 1871, and read an article on 'The Social Morality of the Present Day.' Thus it began: 'The supposed connection between advancement in civilisation and improvement in morals has by this time come to be recognised as nothing more than a rhetorical commonplace. It is only wonderful that the patent contradiction between this theory and the facts of history should ever have escaped notice.' This is quite true; all the article was true. Thus it ended: 'Unless some non-theological basis of morals can soon

be discovered, *we may be pardoned for hoping that the old theological basis may not be long in reasserting itself.* What is this but a groan? What but a cry for the desire of all nations to come? The writer of that article may be assured that no non-theological basis of morals will be discovered. France has tried a good many, and they ended in the Commune. There is but one basis of sound morals—God's Word. When men set aside God's Word and truth, that same Word says to them: '*Lo, they have rejected the word of the Lord, and what wisdom is in them?*' (Jer. viii. 9). Christian, if dark clouds arise on the social and political horizon, remember thy life is hid with Christ in God. There shall no evil happen unto thee. '*The floods*'—*the nations*—'*lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier*' (Ps. xciii. 3, 4).

No evil. None indeed. God has granted me, according to my earnest prayer in Africa, many open doors for His service. In England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland I have had many opportunities of testifying to His tender mercy, and to His love in Christ for sinners. I paid a visit to the Mission Interieure at Nismes, and was rejoiced to see the unity and love prevailing among the Christians of different denominations there. At Lyons, and again at Paris, I had opportunities of speaking for the Lord. I saw something of Mlle. de Broen's work among the Communist widows and wives, and of Mr.

M'Call's mission work in Belleville and other parts of Paris. What joy it was to me, a descendant of those whose blood had stained the soil of France for Christ's sake, to preach Him there for whom my fathers died! In many parts of Scotland and England the Lord has given me occasions, as strength allowed, of work for Him. My railway journeys were marvellous opportunities of preaching the gospel, or helping my fellow-Christians. Thus He has recompensed me an hundredfold for what I gave up for Him.

Among the many pleasant reminiscences of my travels, none is more so than the following. I was waiting for a train at Ely station. It is my wont, when I have to wait, to allow the Word to talk to me. I learned this in the army. Many happy hours have I thus spent. A train came in from the north, and, as it passed, the quick eye of the engine-driver caught sight of my Bible. By the smile which instantly crossed his face, I knew he loved the Book. So I went up to him, holding it up, and saying, 'This is what takes us to the right terminus, my friend; is it not?' 'It is indeed, sir,' he replied; 'I've known that Book these ten years, and am very sorry I did not know it before.' I gave him a few of the cheering promises to help him on his journey. The guard blew his whistle. 'Good-bye, brother, we shall meet in glory,' I called to him as we parted.

He waved his hand. When we next meet, it will be in the glory of God !

I cannot but praise His faithfulness in providing for me a happy home at the house of a dear relation at Guildford, where one of His faithful servants gave me the right hand of fellowship and a door for service. For dear Mr. Paynter and his people I shall ever retain brotherly remembrance.

No evil. None indeed. I hope to return in a few days to Kaffirland, there to preach Christ to the heathen. I have, thank God ! recovered strength enough to undertake the journey to my port there. I am far from strong physically, but the Lord giveth power to the faint. If by His grace I am able to work faithfully until my friend returns, I shall then have done twenty-one years' hard work. And if He tarry, unless He has some special work for me in Africa, I purpose then to return to England, and let some younger soldier go abroad. I cannot understand why young, earnest men, who leave the colleges for the ministry of the gospel, do not seek the mission field abroad. Let the elderly men take charge of the home work, aided by those Christians whose duties keep them at home. Young men would preach God's word all the better after a few years' practice of teaching it among the heathen. They would acquire a knowledge of human nature in foreign work, of which, except what constitutes youth and folly, they

can learn but little before they leave the college. They would be far better qualified for work at home after hard work abroad. Had I remained in the army, I should not have had more than *seven hundred men* under my charge when I obtained command of my regiment, and that might not have been for years. Now, thank God, I have a district in which there are *seven thousand heathen*, with full liberty to preach the gospel among them. 'Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' I have yet to find out what work among the heathen is. But I doubt whether the barbarous African's fear of witchcraft is a greater hindrance to the reception into the human heart of Christ, the living Son of God, as its Saviour, than the civilised European's wisdom or fear, and love of priestcraft. In either case there is no salvation until the sinner goes alone to the Lord Jesus, and accepts Him as *all his salvation*. Then there is no evil, come what may. 'My beloved is mine, and I am His.' This is an eternal life-union, which nothing can sever. May He ever keep me abiding in Him! I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!

There shall no evil happen to the righteous, the just. Beloved, you who have been made righteous by God in Christ, *this is an eternal decree*. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass away. Let us lay fast hold of this. Whatever be

our trials, God has said, *It shall be well.* ‘*All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose*’ (Rom. viii. 28). What a God and Saviour is ours! Infinite in wisdom as in love, in knowledge as in power, He sees all that is coming upon us, and He knows exactly when and how to help us out of all our trials. Be it ours to rest in Him; to wait patiently upon Him; to make our first thought, our whole desire, His kingdom, His righteousness; to glorify His name, and the name of Jesus, by word or deed.

No evil. But, O beloved, think of the judgment-seat of Christ. Think of the account to be given there. Think of His love on Calvary. Let these things stir us up to more faithful *self-denial* for His name’s sake. How we shall rejoice over every little sacrifice we have made for Him who died for us! How can we please Him? How can we serve Him? Has He not given us a commandment that we should ‘*love one another, as I have loved you*’? Do we do this? Oh, brethren, *pray and strive for unity!* Pray to forbear one another in love. Blessed be God, there are signs of an earnest desire for union among true Christians in England. The invitation of the father of the bishops of England to all denominations of Christians to unite in prayer for missionary work on the 3d of December 1872 was a first open, public

acknowledgment that all true Christians are members of the Church of Christ in England. For this we should praise God. There was a public meeting of Christians of all denominations, for the furtherance of unity, at the National Club, at which I was present. But I was grieved to find that it was proposed to go to man instead of to God—to Parliament instead of to prayer. God, who moved the ten tribes to depart from the house of David (2 Chron. xi. 4), can move the hearts of the men of England to do anything. Thus, and thus only, can Parliament be influenced. Have faith in God. Have faith in Christ. ‘Trust not in man, nor in any child of man,’ is God’s warning. ‘*Whosoever* ye shall ask in My name, that will I do,’ is Christ’s promise. Let us be persevering in prayer for God’s guidance and help.

As I lay down my pen after having tried thus briefly to sketch a soldier’s experience of the love of God, memory takes a retrospect of these years. Blessed be God the Father, all the sins are forgiven! Blessed be Christ the Saviour, who put them away by His own blood! Blessed be God the Holy Ghost, who revealed to me this priceless love, that precious Saviour! How many scenes crowd my memory! The Crimea, India, America, China, Singapore, and Africa, each have their dissolving views. What countless and undeserved mercies! How fast, how fleeting is our life on earth; how long, how sure the

eternal future! The thought of what is to come brings before us the judgment.

Two more scenes I gather from my military reminiscences, and these notes end. I was quartered in Dublin in the year 1866, during what the Americans rightly call 'the Fenian scare.' A garrison parade was ordered in the Royal Barracks to hear sentences of general courts-martial. The troops were formed up. This done, the prisoners, under escort, were marched on to the parade-ground. The charges were read—treason against the Crown, and other crimes. One young prisoner I particularly noticed, a soldier in an hussar regiment. He was found guilty. When he marched on parade there was a certain swagger. I kept my eyes on him. When the sentence, 'Penal servitude for life,' was read, his cheek paled. As the sergeant cut off his buttons and the lace from his uniform, he grew whiter and whiter. There was a look of blank despair in his face when he was marched off parade to prison. What a picture of the coming judgment! Had you seen that man on parade with his regiment, you would have said, 'What a smart young soldier!' Yes; he passed for a true man, but he was a traitor. Could you have seen him among traitors, you would have found him the boldest, the wittiest, the most reckless. Alas, how many such attend our churches! They parade there on Sundays; but all the week, and

the rest of that day they are to be found in intimate friendship with those who deny Christ. For any such who may read this, your judgment is as certain. But there is pardon on one condition,—that you do what your King commands, and that is, ‘Come unto ME.’ Do this, and then trust and serve Him.

A happier memory, the brighter side of the judgment, arises out of the Queen’s inspection of the Crimean army on its return from the war in 1856. The army was assembled at Aldershot. We paraded one morning in pouring rain, and it rained for three hours, until we were all drenched to the skin. Beloved, what does it matter how hard it rains now? we shall soon see our King, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away! It was doubted whether the Queen would come out; but she would not disappoint her soldiers, so out she came at the right time in a close carriage. Some—many Christians, alas!—doubt whether our King will come, but He will not disappoint us. He says, ‘Surely I come quickly;’ and we look up to Him through the driving rain, and say, ‘Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’ She went down our lines, and then *those officers who had been under fire, and chosen soldiers* from among the non-commissioned officers and men, were marched up by regiments, and formed into three sides of a square round the Queen’s carriage. The fourth side of the square was formed by the princes and nobility of England. At first we

could not all see her, for the carriage was closed. But while we were forming up, the clouds burst above our heads, the blue sky and the sun appeared, the carriage was opened, and then the Queen stood among us. She thanked *us* for our courage and endurance, and bade us welcome home. She thanked God for having preserved us and brought us back. The first words from her lips produced an effect on those who were gathered round her. *They were all tried soldiers; every one of them had been in battle.* Their dangers were *now* over, and they were safe at home. From their sovereign's lips they received thanks and praise.

Believers in Christ our Lord! the day is soon coming when this scene will be repeated in the glory of God. The King will gather His warriors round Him,—those who have fought and suffered for Him during this time of war. They will be nearest who have been most faithful. None will be among the chosen but those who have been under fire. It is blessed to be saved; it will be far more glorious to have *an abundant entrance* granted you into the everlasting kingdom. Strive for this with prayer, if you are not now seeking it. '*Giving all diligence, add to your faith courage; and to courage knowledge; and to knowledge temperance*' (of conduct and conversation); '*and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness*' (imitating Christ); '*and to godli-*

ness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness love. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. If ye do these things, ye shall never stumble' (2 Pet. i. 5-10). The first sight of His face, the first sound of His voice, and all our present trials will be for ever forgotten. *Strive for the abundant entrance.* The love of Christ and His glory your motives. *His* word your guide. *His* strength your stay. So you will by His grace obtain it. Oh, the glorious and eternal future! For ever with the Lord! How bright it shines! how near it seems! '*I saw thrones, and they sat on them.*'

And now I have done my duty. I have given to my fellow-Christians, for their joy of faith, a soldier's experience of God's love, and of His faithfulness to His word. Had my pen been silent, I should have left England with the feeling that I had withheld from the Lord the glory due unto His name, and from His people a testimony which will, I hope, cheer some in their path of trial. It has been my effort to write simply, and to give God all the praise. If I have failed, He will pardon. I have been obliged to write of others. This I have tried to do holding the truth in love. As one of my fathers in the faith, dear old Dr. Marsh, used to say, '*It is with principles, not persons; measures, not men, that we must contend.*' Without flinching from the patient suffering of

wrong, we ought to vindicate the truth as far as in us lies. Light and truth do not demand riot, persecution, bloodshed. Those things are the weapons of error. But they do demand, in the public interest, and for truth's sake, a firm, manly, decided '*No*,' when error makes a request. They permit a calm statement of facts.

We live in an infidel age,—in those days of which Isaiah wrote, when darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. Human wisdom and science (when opposed to revealed truth) are darkness and foolishness with God. Christ is the Light of the world, the Brightness of the Father's glory, the Sun of righteousness. But by civilised Europe at large He is rejected. Nevertheless, blessed be God! His word and truth remain a light shining in a dark place. His Spirit still dwells in the Church. Wherever there is earnest praying and faithful testimony to Christ, His power is seen. In Newport, at Derby, and in many places in England, the life of Jesus, and His presence by the Spirit with His people, has been made manifest.

How delightful it is that, when the wise of this world reject the revelation of God's love in Christ, it is revealed to babes! No men are more simple than soldiers. Reckless and thoughtless of the future, as are, for the most part, the men who compose armies, God often reveals His love to them. How much

have I seen of this during my service! The following may encourage tract distributors. One of my brother officers, who was apparently as hopeless a case for conversion as a man could be, was one day offered a tract in the streets of Portsmouth. He was a gentleman, and would not insult a man trying to do good, so he accepted it. *He kept it in his desk for three years.* When recovering from a fit of drunkenness in South Africa, he read it, and was instantly converted. His life from that time was most Christ-like and self-denying. When he was going to his Saviour, a brother read him a hymn about heaven. 'Don't read to me of harps and crowns of gold,' he cried; '*I want to see HIM!* Yes it is Him we love, Him who died for us.'

I fancy I see a comrade of his, whom he joined above, my beloved friend Henry Allen Gosset. How his face would shine when he came into my barrack room, 'M——, old boy, isn't it glorious? Nothing to do! Complete in Him!' And then he would repeat his favourite hymn:

' Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus Christ has done it all,
Long, long ago.'

On the first page of his Bible he wrote, after his conversion, '*God offers salvation to all bad people.*' His was a singularly blameless life before this took

place. But he needed, as all do, to 'wash and be clean,' 'believe, and be saved;' for '*all have sinned.*'

General Taylor, one of our best and most daring cavalry officers, was led to Christ by reading these lines in Lord Roden's library :—

' In peace let me resign my breath,
And *Thy* salvation see ;
My sins deserved eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.'

I shall never forget his kind words to me when I went to the Royal Military College. They cheered and helped me at a time when I much needed them. Men of General Taylor's stamp do not act on impulse. They are fully persuaded before they accept anything. This done, by God's grace they hold it fast. Soldiers may be quick in manner, brief in speech, and compassed with infirmities: if, however, like the centurion on duty at the cross, they look at Jesus, and say, 'Truly this was the Son of God,' they are saved. It is difficult to cease from writing on this subject. The grace of God, which bringeth salvation to all men, is the same to the soldier as to others. All may have it. How does it come? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.' This is Christ's explanation, and I know no other. The effect of the new birth of faith in the Lord Jesus is

plain. How comes it? 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' God has spoken by His word: *those who receive it as being indeed the word of God believe.*

The whole truth of conversion was summed up in the last words uttered by an old soldier of the 92d. Signing to me to put my ear close to his lips, he thus whispered: '*Eh, sir, 'tis naething but the love of Jesus can burst the gate of a sinner's heart.*'

Yes; although the British soldier is very little valued by his own fellow-countrymen, except in time of war, he is not forgotten before God. *Not one of them is forgotten before God.* Thus spake Christ of the sparrows. *Are ye not much better than they?* is what He says to men. I have often been pained to notice the almost contempt with which the soldier is regarded. Some think that, as he was fit for nothing else, he became a soldier. This is not so. The love of adventure, of travel, and the love of country, are strong passions in men. Although our army is, like David's, the refuge of every one that is in distress, it yet contains in its ranks many who entered it from those motives. How many noble men, in the highest meaning of those words, have I met among my old comrades! Under the uniform of the private soldier there beats many a heart fit for a king. Those civilians who occasionally write in the papers on 'Military Morality' are entirely ignorant

of the subject. They take up some extreme case of misconduct, and lay that charge against the whole army. The British soldier is a man of like passions with others. He is neither better, except so far as discipline improves men, neither is he any worse. He is exposed to great temptation ; but God's grace is sufficient for him as for others. I have met with many a soldier who in every relation of life was exemplary,—husbands, fathers, brothers, sons. I cannot imagine greater devotion of husband and father than I have seen while serving with our army. Better sons than some of our men there could not be. Many of them abstain from beer and tobacco, month after month, to send their pay to a widowed mother, or sister, or to an aged father. There is as much self-respect and honour to be met with in a barrack-room as in any other concourse of men. This I write after many years' familiar intercourse with our soldiers. Bad men there are in the barrack-room. There are, however, not a few men who live as blameless lives, and bear as spotless characters, in the hourly temptations of a soldier's position, as in the best circles of society. But, once more, the glorious gospel of the blessed God,—bad and good alike need Christ. The crown of glory all may have who will, but Christ alone can give it. It was my duty, a few days before I left my regiment, to present a deserving non-commissioned officer with the medal

for long service and good conduct. I could not help giving to the men a thought which had often occurred to me on similar previous occasions. 'This most honourable decoration is given to the soldier who for many years has behaved with exemplary conduct. However well a man may conduct himself during the last half of his service, if he has been foolish and wild in the first half of it, he cannot obtain this decoration. Thus it should be. The necessity of discipline demands it. But God gives the eternal crown of glory on very different terms. The worst man that ever lived who believes the love of God in Christ, who accepts Christ as his Saviour, shall obtain that, and wear it for ever.'

God's grace, and His grace alone, led me thus to seek the welfare of my fellow-countrymen serving in our army and navy. No man could have had a happier life than I had in so doing. Many, and bitter at times, were the trials and disappointments ; but they are gone. Some of them have since given cause for much joy. The blessed memories are not few, and they will brighten into a glorious eternity.

And now I feel I have a right to say one word to the working men of England, whom I have been striving to serve in the persons of their brothers and friends enrolled in our army and navy. Some of them may perhaps read this book. They would take a word of advice from me in good part, and pass it on.

It is now some years since I heard an address given by the Canadian patriot, Darcy M'Gee, to the Working Men's Association at Montreal, on 'The Constitution of the New Dominion.' This was, of course, nothing more than *the constitution of England*. It was a magnificent summary of English history. Never did I realize until then how greatly England is indebted to God for her national freedom. Eloquently he detailed the sufferings and self-sacrifice of the noble men who were the founders of it. Ably he pointed out the advantages of our form of Government, of the Crown, and of the Houses of Lords and Commons. When at last he urged the working men of Montreal to stand by the national constitution to the last, and not to throw away liberties so dearly purchased for nothing, the cheers of his audience were deafening. He urged the Bible as the key of education. Education without God's truth only makes men civilised devils. I have often wished that he could have gone through the length and breadth of England delivering this lecture. But he died by the hand of an assassin. 'Working men of England, thank God for your good laws. Be content to give a good day's work for your wages. Some men are too clever in our days to believe in Christ. They will perish for ever. Be you wise enough to believe God. Some would persuade you that other nations have more liberty than you. They

know nothing. Some would urge you to discontent against Government. Don't listen. Beware of drink. God gives you money for yourselves and families; spend it as He would have you. Give your evenings to His word and to your families, instead of to the public-house and theatre. Teach His word to your children, and He will reward you. Pray for His blessing, in Christ's name, and you will have it. *God says to you in His word, "My son, fear thou God and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change"* (Prov. xxiv. 21). Believe and obey His word, and it shall be well with you and with your children. Thus you will be blessed and happy.' How often have I been thanked by soldiers and sailors for my advice and counsel! God grant that these words may be useful to some of my brethren the working men of England.

There shall no evil happen to the just. No, thank God, none! Nothing that happens to a man is evil unless it separates him from God. We must all have trouble of some sort in this life. Be patient, it will soon end.

One of the brightest, happiest, most cheerful Christians I ever met was a blind man, who, from good circumstances, came through loss of sight and failure in business to very great distress. He subsisted one winter on cabbage stumps thrown away in the market, which his children picked up. It was

not until after this that I met him. Many a good lesson he taught me. I always left him cheered and strengthened by his faith.

God has given us forgiveness of sins, and eternal life, in Christ. Believe and rejoice. Reader, if you have not got these priceless blessings, do not rest satisfied until you have. The *whole secret* of salvation and of the Christian life is contained in trustful obedience to this simple command of the Lord Jesus Christ: '*Come unto Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me*; for I am meek and lowly in heart.' His promise is sure. '*Ye shall find rest unto your souls*' (Matt. x. 29). He is very God. Hear His voice, obey His word, and live.

It may be that this book may be read by some who have the unhappiness not to believe in God, 'who is the Father of all men, especially of those that believe.' Let Him ask you a few of the questions which He asked Job: '*Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued from the womb? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? Hast*

thou perceived the breadth of the earth? Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof? Knowest thou it because thou wast born, and because the number of thy days is great? Knowest thou the ordinances of the heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart?' (Job xxxviii.)

Now let Christ tell you of His eternal union with God, and of His eternal love for man. Let Him speak to you words of love and warning: '*The Lord possessed Me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When He prepared the heavens, I was there: when He appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him: and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth; and my delights were with the sons of men. Now therefore hearken unto Me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep My ways. For whoso findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate Me love death*' (Prov. viii. 22-36).

Fellow-Christian, if reading this book has strengthened your faith, cheered your heart, drawn you any nearer in love to God, or made you more sensible of

His love, pray for him who wrote it for that end. Pray that the Lord will ever bless His word by his lips, keep him faithful, and preserve him blameless until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us fix our eyes on the glory to be revealed. Let us fill our hearts with Him who will form the brightness of that glory. Let us take to ourselves the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand in these evil days; pressing onwards, our loins well girded with truth; our breasts well covered by righteousness; our feet well shod with peace; the impenetrable shield on our left arm; our right hand holding the sword of the Spirit, the word of God; our heads protected from sun, rain, and the sword-cuts of the enemy by the helmet of salvation. Thus armed, praying always with all prayer and supplication, and watching thereunto with all perseverance; praying for the strength we need; praying without ceasing for our comrades in the fight; praying the Lord of victory to bless and protect and guide them, —thus, fellow-Christians, let us fight the good fight of faith, remembering all our King's promises to him that overcometh. Let us give Him honest, hearty service, for He is in our midst. His word to each of us is, 'I know thy works.' His promise, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.'

He is able to keep us from falling. He is able to

make all grace abound towards us. *He is able* to succour us when tempted. *He is able* to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. *He is able* to subdue all things unto Himself. Such is our Lord and King.

And now, how can an old soldier close a book better than with the prayer of Queen Elizabeth's loyal subject, the godly Jewel: 'Thou, O most merciful Father, be our defence in these dangerous times. Give Thy grace to Victoria, Thy servant.' And with the prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour taught us: 'Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

'THE LORD SHALL DELIVER FROM EVERY EVIL WORK,
AND WILL PRESERVE UNTO HIS HEAVENLY KINGDOM:
TO WHOM BE GLORY FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.'
(2 TIM. IV. 18.)

April, 1874.

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